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LORD MALMESBURY'S MEMOIRS.

THE published reminiscences of men who have played a prominent part in affairs have not often hit the mark of general success, and it is easy to see why. The charm of memoirs lies in their ease, loquacity, openness, and freedom. But these are all qualities that the various conditions of great public business tend to weaken and to check. Many men of the foremost sort, from Julius Cæsar down to Richelieu, Frederick, and Napoleon, and still more of the second rank, like De Retz, Clarendon, Burnet, Brougham, have told what they wished the world to take for the story of their lives. But there are not more than two or three instances where a leading actor in important events has written about himself and them in a manner that is at once piquant, entertaining, instructive, and profound. Whether it be wholly true or not that it is the onlooker who sees most of the game, it is certainly he who has least embarrassment in putting his observations upon record.

The Ex-minister whose memoirs have been a pleasant diversion in the stupefying din of contemporary politics, although he has been twice Foreign Secretary and four or five times in a Cabinet, must be counted rather among the observers than the leading actors of the political world. He has been a satellite revolving respectably and faithfully in an orbit that bigger planets have prescribed.

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He has not suffered from "the laborious conscientiousness" of men like Sir Robert Peel, nor from the brooding and ambitious pre-occupations of men like Lord Beaconsfield; and at any rate the weight of official responsibility has not infected him for a moment with dullness, pomposity, or any of the afflicting pretensions of mediocre men who believe that they must themselves be great because they have been in contact with great personages and great transactions.

"Poor Malmesbury," says Lord Palmerston to his brother, "has got into sad disgrace by his diplomatic mismanagement, and his ungrammatical despatches; but every trade requires an apprenticeship, and a man cannot expect to start at once into being a good Foreign Secretary, any more than into being a good performer on the violin. He is, however, naturally a clever man."—(*Life*, ii. 236.) D'Argenson once got an unlettered nephew appointed librarian to the king. "My dear nephew," he said to him, "here is a splendid chance for you to learn how to read." There is much reason to fear that Lord Malmesbury did not make the best of his opportunity for learning either how to write despatches or to understand foreign affairs. It might have been worse. A grammatical Minister is a much commoner character than a lively and agreeable gossip. The soundest and most convincing

despatch is quickly covered with the dust of the archives, but pleasant sketches taken at first hand of the men and the manners of a generation both command a large audience to-day and provide instruction for to-morrow. Mr. Seeley, indeed, in the bitterness of his reaction against Macaulay and Carlyle, has recently warned us against the mischief of writing such a life as that of Napoleon Bonaparte on the basis of memoirs. For political history in the only true sense there can be no doubt that his contention is right, and that official papers and correspondence are the proper foundations to build upon. But memoirs have obviously uses and an interest of their own, and in the field of party history, where so many episodes take place underground, private memoirs of a certain authenticity are more to be trusted than whole bushels of state papers and many shelves of Hansard. How far the history of party is of primary importance in the political annals of a nation, we shall not now discuss. In the vastitude of æons and cycles of time, the alternating fortunes of Whig and Tory may seem pigmy specks indeed. But our ephemeral world is not always to be measured by such a scale. Important or not, party history always excites a lively, if a superficial, interest in a parliamentary country. A cheerful and frivolous world has turned to Lord Malmesbury's pages with a zest that will not be wholly ungratified. They are undoubtedly inferior to the journals of Mr. Charles Greville, in weight, in breadth, and in seriousness. Greville watched public men, not indeed with the penetrating eye of a Saint Simon, but with gravity and with a certain faculty of analysis for which no reader ought to dream of looking in the two volumes before us. When Greville, for instance, prophesies that Peel "will be as great as great talents without a great mind can make anybody," we know that not only is this a kind of observation which Lord Malmesbury is entirely incapable of

making, but that he will not understand the dialect on the lips of somebody else. But Lord Malmesbury is, as Palmerston said, "a clever man,"—that is to say a man of cheerful, sanguine, inquisitive, busy temperament, with that lower sort of shrewdness, of coolness, of vigilance, which comes to all (save, of course, the born fool) who have the habit of living in fashionable and worldly crowds. He has lived the full life of the more intelligent of his order. He will go out shooting in a regular gale, and fishing in a hurricane. A world without foxes, stags, otter-hounds, partridges, woodcocks, wild swans, wild geese, Chillingham bulls, would be the very abomination of desolation. He is as keen a party-man as he is a sportsman, and the rapture of stalking wild geese behind a pony is only second to the ecstasy of stalking Whigs across the House. When he hears of a great fire he hails a hansom and hurries to the scene, and when Courvoisier was to be hanged he goes to the condemned cell, sees him finish his prayers, while the city authorities are bracing their nerves with punch, and then follows the wretched man in the procession to the scaffold. He travels a good deal, looks around him pretty sharply, and knows his way about the world, wherever chance or choice may carry him. There is a kind of random general curiosity; but in any real sense manufactures, science, literature, are things of another planet. So far as we remember, Lord Malmesbury does not once refer to any book of any description except Lord Derby's translations. He has that kind of simplicity which is particularly well able to take care of itself, and that knowing plainness which has no intention of being imposed upon. Such men are honest, patriotic according to their lights, kindly to faithful followers and dependants, loyal to those whom they admit to their inner friendship, and wishing no particular harm to anybody, except, perhaps, to "un-English" folk

like Mr. Bright, whom we should conjecture that Lord Malmesbury would before now have liked to banish across the seas or worse. The type is familiar enough in both political camps. It is peculiar to this country, and is not a bad one so far as it goes and as long as it lasts.

Whatever else may be said of Lord Malmesbury's book, it is thoroughly alive. It is true diary; it reads as if the entries had been made at the time, and as if most of it, at any rate, had not been written for the eyes of other people. Hence it is not the least literary, like Horner, or Mackintosh, or even Greville, the last of whom must pretty certainly have expected a public. Lord Malmesbury's is more like Mr. Raikes's journal, published some eight and twenty or thirty years ago, but the new work is more vivacious than the old, and its *actualité* is indisputable. The sketches are rapidly made, but they are graphic, and the impression is distinct.

Of what we may charitably call morbid prescience there are one or two quaint instances. Towards the end of 1861 Lord Malmesbury was alarmed at the state of America, and why? Because if the war continued they would of course gain experience, and the Northern provinces "will be left with a fine army, which they may use in attempting the conquest of Canada." The sight of means to do ill deeds no doubt makes ill deeds done, and politicians of Lord Malmesbury's stamp cannot imagine how a government could find itself in possession of an army without instantly using it to seize what belongs to some other government—just as if an industrial democracy were the same as a territorial aristocracy. Lord Derby, again, feels sure that the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece (1862) will diminish our prestige in the East and cannot but lead to future and embarrassing complications. No bit of unfulfilled prophecy in these volumes, however, is on so heroic a scale as a prediction of Lord Malmesbury's in one of his

speeches in 1849, *not* in these volumes, that unless Peel's policy of free trade was reversed, "this great kingdom would soon return to its normal and natural state—a weather-beaten island in a northern sea"!

The writer is not always strictly accurate, and many instances of this have already appeared in the public prints. His recollection is certainly at fault when he makes Mr. Cobden express the strongest regret, after reading the Italian blue-book, at having voted in the majority which turned Lord Derby out in 1859. The division took place on June 11, Cobden at that time was in America, he had not taken his seat in the new parliament, even if he knew that he was a member of it, and he did not reach England until the end of the month. What Cobden did regret was the vote that helped to finish Lord Derby's first administration. Again, the details of the passing of the Conservative Reform Bill are very loosely stated. There is a grotesque confusion, worthy of Mrs. Malaprop, between Latona, the mother of Apollo, and Lucina, the goddess who protected women in travail. An ancient blunder of slipshod talkers reappears in the expression that a certain bridge "divided" two districts. There is a painful picture of the unbecoming behaviour of his class to Mr. Newman, now the famous cardinal, and then the tutor at Oriel. One is glad that the picture has provoked a denial of its correctness from others who were at Oriel at the same time. It is a characteristic bit of Oxford life, that the faculties which had been exhausted by a lecture from Newman, should in the afternoon have been recruited by a hunt with a scratch pack after a bagged fox.

It is of more mundane characters than Father Newman that the diarist has most to tell us. The whole world of power, fashion, diplomacy, politics passes before us, and there are plenty of anecdotes and drolleries that belong to the human race at large. For instance:—

"Went to hear the school-children catechised. Some of the answers were very amusing. 'Who was Adam?'—'The eldest son of Abraham.' 'What countries are there in Europe besides England?'—'America and Asia.' 'What difference is there between town and country?'—'None.' 'What is an island?'—'Plenty of water.' 'Of what religion was St. Paul before he became a Christian?'—'A Roman Catholic'" (i. 133).

Aspiring *bourgeoisie* may be glad to know how they amuse the great family party of people of quality:—"I hear the ball to the Queen at the Guildhall was extremely amusing. People very ridiculous. The ladies passed her at a run, never curtsying, and then returning to stare at her. Some of the gentlemen passed with their arms round the ladies' waists, others holding them by the hand at arm's length, as if they were going to dance a minuet. One man kissed his hand to the Queen as he went by."

To Lord Malmesbury is due the compliment he pays to Sir John Pakington, that he was no shirker of work. He even commemorates an occasion when on a visit to Knowsley, he found such a heap of foreign office boxes that he was actually obliged to stay at home for two days to deal with them, instead of shooting. As an illustration of that "slavery which is mocked with the name of power," we may mention that Lord Malmesbury confirms what Lord Palmerston had told him, namely that the average work of the foreign office demanded ten hours out of the twenty-four. When the Conservatives were expecting to come into office in 1864, one of the ideas of the people, whose keenest pleasure in life is the construction of imaginary cabinets, was that Mr. Disraeli should undertake foreign affairs. When he heard of it he scouted the idea, as he had no intention of giving up the leadership of the House of Commons. "He said it would be quite impossible to do the work of both, and that Lord Palmerston, when he was foreign secretary, hardly ever appeared in the House of Commons."

With the Emperor of the French Lord Malmesbury was on terms of intimacy from the days when the son of Queen Hortense was a harum-scarum at Rome down to the last hours at Chislehurst. One evening in the summer of 1840 Lord Malmesbury met Louis Napoleon standing on the steps of Lady Blessington's house after a party, wrapped up in a cloak, with Persigny by him. He told them they looked like two conspirators. "You may be nearer right than you think," the Prince answered. Two days afterwards the ludicrous expedition to Boulogne took place, and the Prince was sent to prison at Ham on the Somme. Here Lord Malmesbury paid him a visit five years later.

"I found him little changed, although he had been imprisoned five years, and very much pleased to see an old friend fresh from the outer world, and that world London. As I had only half a day allowed me for the interview he confessed that, although his confidence and courage remained unabated, he was weary of his prison, from which he saw no chance of escaping, as he knew that the French Government gave him opportunities of doing so that they might shoot him in the act. He stated that a deputation had arrived from Ecuador offering him the presidency of that republic if Louis Philippe would release him, and in that case he would give the king his parole never to return to Europe. He had, therefore, sent for me as a supporter and friend of Sir R. Peel, at that time our Prime Minister, to urge Sir Robert to intercede with Louis Philippe to comply with his wishes, promising every possible guarantee for his good faith. The Prince was full of a plan for a new canal in Nicaragua, that promised every kind of advantage to British commerce. . . After a stay of three hours I left the prison, and returned to London deeply impressed with the calm resolution, or rather philosophy, of this man, but putting little faith as to his ever re-

nouncing the throne of France. Very few in a miserable prison like this, isolated and quasi-forgotten, would have kept their intellect braced by constant dry studies and original compositions, as Louis Bonaparte did during the last five years in the fortress of Ham."

Two months later (so he says, but the dates given by Lord Malmesbury himself make it a year and two months), as Lord Malmesbury was coming away from White's, he was stopped by a man from the other side of the street. It was Louis Napoleon, who had just escaped from Ham.

In April, 1850, Lord Malmesbury makes an interesting entry:—"In Paris. On arriving I wrote to the President, who asked me to breakfast the next morning at the Elysée. He was more than cordial, and began by reminding me that he had always told me in his darkest days he would some day govern France. 'I told you so,' said he, 'when you came to visit me in my prison at Ham, and you and every one thought I was mad. But although I am here I know nobody; the friends I have I don't know, and they don't know me, even by sight. Although a Frenchman, not fifty of them had ever seen me when I came over from England. I have tried to consolidate all political parties, but I can conciliate none; there is now a conspiracy to seize me and send me to Vincennes, and General Changarnier and Thiers are at its head. The Chamber is unmanageable. I stand perfectly alone, but the army and the people are with me, and I don't despair. Yet every day may see me a prisoner. Your ambassador, Lord Normanby, is intriguing against me, although his chief, Lord Palmerston, and some of your Cabinet Ministers, are in my favour. I believe Lord Normanby carries on a private correspondence with Prince Albert to my detriment.' After this he invited me to dine with him at St. Cloud and see the *haras*, which I did. Among the horses was a splendid dark chestnut,

which the stud groom, an Englishman, led out to show me. The President after admiring him much, ordered the man to send him to his stables in Paris. 'I can't do that, sir,' he replied, 'the horse belongs to the Republic.' As we were sitting in the phaeton Louis Napoleon jogged my arm and observed, 'You see my position; it is time to put an end to it.' Driving home, he made no secret of his intention of being beforehand with his enemies, and there was no mistaking the means he would take to be so."

One day in 1851, when the crisis was very near, Lord Malmesbury met Thiers at a dinner-party given by the Disraelis. Thiers asked a number of questions about Louis Napoleon, and wound up by saying, "*Je l'ai beaucoup étudié de près et de loin, et c'est un homme absolument nul.*" Louis Blanc used pertinaciously to maintain the very same opinion about the Emperor, whom he had known well. Such a judgment struck most people as due to the blindness of bitter prejudice. But Garibaldi's answer, mentioned by Lord Malmesbury, was a good one. "Some one said that the career of the present Emperor Napoleon was a more successful one than that of the first. Garibaldi answered, '*Il faut attendre la fin.*'" This was just six years before Sedan.

Undoubtedly one of the most interesting figures of them all for us, and perhaps for others of a future generation, is that of Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Malmesbury has nowhere deliberately set himself to paint the portrait of his friend, but he gives us many hints, and they have the value that comes of long and close intimacy. The writer is not the man to have an eye for the *etwas daimonische*, the singularity of Disraeli's genius, but he deserves the credit which any Primrose Knight in the tavern round the corner may claim to-day, of having discerned his mental power. He records a curious criticism made by Napoleon III. on the com-

panion of his humbler fortunes. "His opinion of Disraeli was that 'he has not the head of a statesman, but that he is, like all literary men, as he has found them from Chateaubriand to Guizot, ignorant of the world, talking well, but nervous when the moment of action arises.'" It was odd that the Emperor should not, while slipping into this generalisation, have bethought him of Thiers, who was a hundred times more ready at the moment of action than the Emperor himself ever was. Nor was the remark in the least true of the statesman of whom it was made. Whatever else he lacked, Disraeli never showed lack of nerve, from the beginning of his career in Parliament down to the occasion when he astonished even Prince Bismarck himself by his will and resolution at the Congress-table at Berlin.

"I am persuaded," says Cardinal de Retz, "that it needs greater qualities to make a good party-leader than to make a good emperor of the universe; and that in the order of these qualities, Resolution marches on a line with Judgment: I mean with Judgment of the heroic sort, of which the principal value is to distinguish the *Extraordinary from the Impossible*." We may as well finish the passage, for the rest too is not inapplicable. The man of whom he was writing, he goes on, "had not a grain of this sort of judgment, which for that matter is only rarely to be met with even in a large mind, but which is never found except in a large mind. His was mediocre, and liable in consequence to those unjust fits of mistrust—of all others the characteristic most incompatible with being a good party-leader, in whom there is no quality so often and so indispensably needed as that of suppressing on many occasions, and concealing on all, even the most warrantable suspicion." One would give up half of Lord Beaconsfield's novels—not the best half perhaps—for a volume of annotations by him on De Retz or Machiavelli, with illustrations from the history of his own time.

There are several instances in Lord Malmesbury's book of the flames that smouldered under that apathetic exterior. On one occasion, when he was in office, in 1858, he was much annoyed at the delay in the arrival of an important despatch. "When Lord Derby sent a message to him, asking him to come to him, as Lord Malmesbury was there, he rushed up in such a desperate hurry that he nearly knocked over the messenger, and entered the room in a great state of excitement. When the despatch was produced, his delight was indescribable and amazingly demonstrative, considering the usually phlegmatic manner in which he receives news of all kinds."—(ii. 14.)

Not the least characteristic sketch of this singular personage is one at Heron Court:—

"He is very much occupied and pleased with my library, which was compiled by three generations of men of totally different literary tastes. The first, my great-grandfather, usually called 'Hermes,' was a great Grecian and classical scholar, and collected all the most perfect editions of the ancient writers. The second, my grandfather, a diplomatist and politician, added all the best specimens of the European authors of the last two centuries, and my father all the most modern literature of his time. What seemed, however, to strike Disraeli more than anything was an autograph journal by my father, recording his sporting pursuits daily for forty years, in which is noted every shot he fired, killed or missed, with a careful memorandum of the weather day by day. Disraeli did not show to advantage, as he is not in spirits" (i. 418).

Mr. Disraeli declared the volume to be "the most extraordinary example of patience and a sturdy character he ever saw." Nobody was more constantly alive than was this bookman and son of a bookman to the little share that books have in the only world where he cared to reign, or to the pre-eminence of character over bookish attainments, whether in making a nation or preserving the power of an order. The country gentleman who "knows no language but his own, and lives in the open air," was a type that always fascinated him. Such men have

that quality which Napoleon valued in a man, of being *carré d la base*.

It is easy to credit the correctness of Lord Malmesbury's entry, that in 1852 he found Disraeli in a state of delight at the idea of coming into office for the first time. "He said he 'felt just like a young girl going to her first ball,' constantly repeating, 'Now we have got a *status*.'" This was no doubt an immense and a permanent gain. *Status* in parliamentary and official life was the one thing needed to raise the rhetorical swordsmen nearer to a level with the Palmerstons, the Russells, the Grahams, and the other representatives of serious and responsible statesmanship. In the *Life of Cobden* the story is told how, when towards the end of the year Disraeli saw that the game was up, he conceived the idea of detaching the Manchester party from the Whigs and the Peelites, and asked one of their leaders to call upon him. "Protection," he said, "is done with. That quarrel is at an end. If you turn us out, you will only have the Whigs in. And what have the Whigs done for you? They will never do anything for you." Mr. Bright—for he was Mr. Disraeli's visitor—replied, as might have been expected, that he and Cobden did not want the Whigs to give them office, and that in any case they could not support the house tax.—(*Life of Cobden*, ii. 126.) The biographer has not thought fit to give us the whole story. When the interview came to an end, Mr. Disraeli turned away to the fire and said, half aloud, and half to himself, "Well, they may do what they like; they cannot prevent us from having been Ministers." The all-important step of acquiring *status* had been gained, and could not be revoked.

At this distance of time, it may seem curious that Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Bright should have been upon these terms with one another. Severity of public antagonism, however, is not always the measure of private relations. It is sometimes

noticed that in our own day there is a curious absence of bitterness between the Radicals below the gangway and the clever gladiator in front of them, who poses with Mr. Disraeli's cloak and dagger. But, in truth, the present Memoirs recall what important points there were on which the Manchester men were of one mind with the new Tory leader.

The year 1852 witnessed one of the periodic revivals of the military spirit, a call for armaments, and a panic. Lord Malmesbury gives us one or two glimpses of Mr. Disraeli's views. "Nov. 3. Called on Disraeli, just returned from Windsor. He had had a discussion of two and a half hours with the Prince upon the national defences. Disraeli, in very low spirits, said it would destroy his budget, and ridicules the panic." "Dec. 1. Disraeli much annoyed at the panic," and so forth. He doubtless remembered the panic of 1848, when the imaginary designs of the French Bourbons were turned to the same use as the imaginary designs of the new French Emperor in 1852; and he had not forgotten that Lord George Bentinck, who was then his leader, "could not tolerate so great and so odious an increase of taxation from a government without a parliamentary majority."

The following extract from a letter of Mr. Disraeli's, if they could have seen it, would have rejoiced the hearts of what Mr. Disraeli used to call the Manchester confederacy:—

"We had better leave our mutual tariffs as they stand, unless the French are willing to treat these matters on a much more extensive scale. If they would reduce their duties on linen, yarns, cotton, or iron, I should recommend our meeting them with reductions on their brandies and silks. The latter would be a great card for France. We ought now to be for as complete free trade as we can obtain, and let the English farmer, and the English landlord too, buy the best and cheapest silks for their wives and daughters" (i. 343).

In the same letter, in language that savours of high treason according to the sentiment of the present hour, Mr. Disraeli writes: "These wretched

colonies will all be independent in a few years, and are a millstone round our necks." Of more undoubted acceptance in our time is Mr. Disraeli's wish to "make county rates managed by a more popular board" (*ib.* 360). It is almost melancholy to look back upon the good things to which he might have educated his party, if only he had enjoyed one long innings of solid authority before 1874.

Many of Lord Malmesbury's entries show the tide of personal unpopularity against which Disraeli had to make headway as best he could, in the party which now untiringly commemorates his fame. At the end of 1847 Lord George Bentinck had resigned the leadership of the Protectionist group in the House of Commons. They had become dissatisfied with him, on grounds that if Lord Malmesbury's book had been reasonably edited would have been stated. They were irritated, for one thing, by his expression of an opinion that in accordance with the policy of Pitt, provision ought to be made for the Irish priests out of the land; and next, by his vote in favour of the removal of Jewish disabilities—a vote that has a place in the annals of literature, for it produced the extraordinary chapter on the Hebrew race and the Christian religion in Bentinck's biography (ch. xxiv.) The party met to choose a successor, and Lord Malmesbury describes what took place (*i.* 205-6). Disraeli's name was not even put forward. "There can be no doubt that there is a very strong feeling among Conservatives in the House of Commons against him. They are puzzled and alarmed by his mysterious manner, which has much of the foreigner about it, and are incapable of understanding and appreciating the great abilities which certainly underlie, and, as it were, are concealed under this mask." It is the same story from beginning to end. Lord Granby (now the Duke of Rutland) and Mr. Herries were chosen, but Disraeli was indispensable, and they became a triumvirate. The triumvirate speedily turned

out an evident failure, the first two "being in the way" of the last.

Now we hear of the "foolish dislike" of a strong section of the party to him. Then it is Lord Derby who is "much annoyed" with his budget speech. In 1853, "our party are angry with Disraeli, which is constantly the case; and they are also displeased with Lord Stanley (the present Lord Derby), suspecting him to be coquetting with the Manchester party"—a process that may be said since then to have had its proper end in a full and lawful union.

Mr. Disraeli's arrival at Knowsley caused Lord Derby to seem "much bored," and unless many untrue stories are told by those who must know, the leader did not always trouble himself to conceal either his boredom or his anger from the personage whom curious destiny had made his lieutenant.

We have to forget the Lord Beaconsfield, whom a later generation saw at the head of a completely organised party, with *status* and with numbers, with experienced captains and accepted cries. During the greater portion of Lord Malmesbury's life as an active party man, the Conservatives were passing through that long period of disorganisation which began in the rupture with Peel in 1846, and which Disraeli, after nearly thirty years of incessant toil, unending and merciless chagrins, and indomitable patience, finally succeeded in repairing in 1874. The conversation once turned in the presence of the younger Pitt, on the quality most essential to success in a political career. Knowledge, said one; a second said eloquence; a third, industry. No, answered Pitt, Patience. That, too, was Mr. Disraeli's answer to the interesting riddle. There is nothing which a man cannot get over, if he will only hold out—except, perhaps, as a living statesman says, murder, and he may get over even that if he has not the ill luck to be hanged for it. In 1851 the Whigs, by the clumsiness, incompe-

tence, and insincerity, that in more or less degree, and in mixed and varying proportions, had marked their course ever since 1832, upset the coach, and gave the Derbyites their first chance. Lord Malmesbury tells us what happened:—

"February 28th.—We met at Lord Stanley's in St. James's Square, and have failed in forming a government. He had previously requested me to take the Colonial Office, which I consider a great compliment, as it is one of the hardest worked of places. Those assembled were—Mr. Disraeli, Sir John Pakington, Mr. Walpole, Lord Hardwicke, Mr. Henley, Mr. Herries, Lord John Manners, and Lord Eglinton. Everything went smoothly, each willingly accepted the respective post to which Lord Stanley appointed him, excepting Mr. Henley, who made such difficulties about himself and submitted so many upon various subjects, that Lord Stanley threw up the game, to the great disappointment and disgust of most of the others present. Mr. Henley seemed quite overpowered by the responsibility he was asked to undertake as President of the Board of Trade, and is evidently a most nervous man. Mr. Disraeli did not conceal his anger at his want of courage and interest in the matter" (i. 278).

"As to Herries," says Lord Malmesbury, "he looked like an old doctor who had just killed a patient, and Henley like the undertaker who was to bury him." A year later their personal quarrels had made a government of pure Whigs impossible. Things were not yet ripe for a coalition with the powerful group who had followed Peel. A Tory government became a temporary necessity, and Mr. Disraeli got the *status* which, as we have seen, he so dearly coveted, and rightly thought so much of. It was then that the country saw the unprecedented spectacle, incidentally mentioned by Mr. Gladstone last year, of fourteen new Privy Councillors at once, nearly the whole Cabinet being sworn in on one day. It was not for long. In a few months the stopgap was no longer wanted. Then it was the turn of that third group which Lord Derby had described in 1851, as "not indeed very extensive numerically, but most important as regards official experience and the talents of the great portion of

its members," the faithful adherents of Peel. But though Mr. Gladstone and his allies coalesced with their old Whig opponents at the end of 1852, there were constant tendencies towards a fusion with their old Tory friends. The coalition, as the country found out at the cost of the Crimean War, proved disastrously weak. When Lord Aberdeen resigned at the beginning of 1855, the Tories had another chance, or the semblance of one. Lord Derby attempted a new combination. He begged Lord Palmerston to join him with the lead of the Commons, and he invited at the same time the co-operation of Mr. Gladstone and Sidney Herbert. Where Mr. Disraeli would have been nobody knows. All that we do know is that he assented to whatever arrangements would have been necessary; that Mr. Gladstone refused; and that Lord Palmerston, in the phrase of Lord Malmesbury, after holding out some hopes on condition that Lord Clarendon had the Foreign Office, "threw Lord Derby over." When Lord Derby had first been sent for by the Queen, he appeared, says Lord Malmesbury, "in high spirits, and confident of success, and when I told him I should like to go to Heron Court for forty-eight hours to settle my private affairs, he consented, saying, 'Make haste back, you will find everything settled by that time.'" Before the forty-eight hours were over, an emissary from Mr. Disraeli reached Heron Court at four o'clock in the morning with the news that the enterprise had failed.

The blow was heavy. "Lord Derby's refusal," says Lord Malmesbury (ii. 7), "has been a great disappointment and great offence to his party. When I left him on the 1st (February), I never saw him more determined, and I do not know what suddenly discouraged him, and made him throw up the game." The explanation in the House of Lords only made matters worse. Lord Derby said that he could not govern with his own party without extraneous aid, though Mr. Disraeli had gone to him

in the morning and begged him not to say a word in disparagement of his own party. There can be little doubt that from the point of view of party the lieutenant was right, and that the captain was wrong. Lord Derby, however, as he says somewhere in the present volumes, was too open and brusque for a diplomatist. Now and at many another time he showed himself simply a magnificent free-lance, and it is no wonder that his off-hand indiscretions exasperated the astute auxiliary, who was all the time labouring by day and night to build up the party, and to infuse into it courageous reliance on itself and confidence in its leaders. "Disraeli," Lord Malmesbury writes, "was in a state of disgust beyond all control: he told me that he had spoken his mind to Lord Derby, and told him some very disagreeable truths."

Though Mr. Disraeli was right in his complaints of Lord Derby's readiness publicly to expose the weakness of his party, it is clear that, on the merits, his leader took the course of a man of probity and public spirit. He felt honestly conscious, as Lord Palmerston said at the time, of "the incapacity of the greater portion of his party, and their unfitness to govern the country" (*Life*, ii. 306). The nation was in a mood of great impatience at the disasters in the Crimea. It was calling loudly for Lord Palmerston, and would not have endured a stop-gap administration, as it had already done in 1852, and did again in 1858. Palmerston was the inevitable man, and Lord Derby may well have found this out while Lord Malmesbury was settling his affairs in Hampshire. There were other difficulties which possibly reached his ears. Two years later than these events (ii. p. 56-7), Lord Malmesbury says, correctly or otherwise, that "Gladstone and Sidney Herbert appear anxious to join Lord Derby," and he adds that if the former should join them "he would only benefit them by his talents, for

his accession would alienate many of their supporters." "The Duke of Beaufort, one of our staunchest adherents, told me at Longleat (1857) that if we coalesced with the Peelites he would leave the party; and I remember in 1855 when Lord Derby attempted to form a government, and offered places to Gladstone and Herbert, that no less than eighty members of the House of Commons threatened to leave him."

Lord Derby was an awkward man to threaten. Just before the defeat of Lord Palmerston on the China question, Lord Derby had a meeting of his party, at which 160 members of the House of Commons attended. There had been a few defections in the vote on Sir G. C. Lewis's budget, and he understood that they had been caused by a report of his having coalesced with Mr. Gladstone. "He denied such being the case, but declared in the most emphatic manner that should any member of the Conservative connection attempt to dictate to him the course he should pursue with regard to any political personages whatever, he should regard it as an insult, and no longer recognise that member as attached to his party" (ii. 62).

It is evident from Lord Malmesbury's pages that intestine intrigue was going on busily. In the spring of 1856 he "can see that many believe Disraeli would like to place himself at the head of the Conservative party, to the exclusion of Lord Derby. These suspicions are strengthened by the tone of his paper, *The Press*, which avoids ever mentioning the name of Lord Derby, or of any one except Disraeli himself, whom it praises in the most fulsome manner. I have also myself been sounded upon the subject of making Disraeli or Lord Stanley our leader, but I do not think that the person to whom I allude will ever do so again." We may notice, by the way, that the next entry in the diary (ii. 46) sets down Mr. White-side as "decidedly a greater orator than Disraeli, although his Irish ac-

cent, which is very strong when he gets animated, spoils the effect to English ears." To anybody who remembers Mr. Whiteside's style, this piece of criticism will seem about as happy as if one should say that an ox is decidedly a finer creature than an Arab, or Treble X decidedly a greater liquor than Margaux or Romanée.

The general position of the Conservative party as it was from this time until the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, is sketched in a letter from Lord Derby to Lord Malmesbury (December 15, 1856). The pith of it is in the following sentences:—"The breach which was made in the Conservative body by Peel, in 1845-6, and which might have been healed to a great degree if his followers had only given us a fair support, or even stood neutral in the session of 1852-3, was widened by the formation of the Coalition Government on the avowed principle (or no principle) of discarding all previous party ties. Public attention has since that time been mainly fixed upon the war; and since Palmerston came into office he has adroitly played his cards, so as to avoid, with one or two exceptions, making any attacks upon our institutions, or affording much ground for censure from a Conservative Opposition. In short, he has been a Conservative Minister working with Radical tools."

This sentence, by the way, sheds a good deal of light on that delightful harmony, on which Lord Salisbury in our present controversy is so fond of dwelling, as having existed in the halcyon pre-Gladstonian days, between the House of Lords and some Liberal Administrations. A Conservative minister working with Radical tools is naturally not so very bad an ally for a Conservative Opposition.

Pascal and others have set men thinking on the effect of seeming trivialities on the course of history: how if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the face of the eastern world would now be different, and how a grain of sand

in Cromwell's bladder altered the destinies of a kingdom. So politicians with a turn for speculating have filled idle hours before now by wondering how the fate of English parties would have been affected if Mr. Gladstone had joined Lord Derby, and his eminent and most antipathetic rival had been placed for a time on the same official bench. Would Mr. Disraeli have carried his wits and his sword across the floor, and tried to make a Radical party of his own, as he did ultimately make a Tory party of his own? Would Mr. Gladstone have become the leader of a Conservative party of the enlightened, pacific, opportunist type of Peel? Such a change in the cast of the great political drama now seems singular and incredible, yet for the best part of ten years it was conceivable enough. Perhaps we shall even yet live to see a Radical party one of these days embracing the maxims and the cries of the adventurous statesman who proclaimed *Imperium et libertas* as the watchwords of our nation. There is no limit to the variety of parts which circumstances may impose on political confederacies and political leaders. The Lord Derby who now led the high-flying Tories would hardly have recognised himself in the Whig and something more, who stood upon the table at Brooks's and poured out fiery declamation against the Lords for throwing out the Reform Bill twenty years before. "Gladstone is a dark horse," said Lord Malmesbury in 1852. So are most statesmen at one time or another of their career. What is certain is—and nobody has been more abundantly open in proclaiming it than Mr. Gladstone himself—that it was a calamity, and a very curious calamity, for the country, and a great hindrance to the cause of steadfast and orderly progress, that the Conservative party should a quarter of a century ago have been so completely alienated and so permanently severed from the wise maxims and the beneficent traditions of Peel, its first founder.

When Mr. Disraeli tried to impress a point of Peelite policy, which might also be called Cobdenite, on his men, they would not stand it. In the beginning of 1860 when the air was thick with the projects which eventually ended in Lord Palmerston's famous (and senseless) fortifications, the diarist enters—"Disraeli is against the loan for the national defences. If he opposes it, he is done for, both with his party and the country" (ii. 214).

Lord Malmesbury gives us an edifying picture of the intrigues that went on between his own friends and the head of the nominally Liberal ministry of the Palmerstonian epoch, on the last occasion of a conflict between Lords and Commons. The date is May 13, 1860, when all sorts of stories were going about in consequence of Lord Malmesbury having been seen talking to Lady Palmerston at her party yesterday. "But no one," he continues, "knows the real truth, which is that I was deputed by Lord Derby and Disraeli to tell her that we meant to throw out the Duty on Paper Bill (for which she thanked us), and further to say that if Mackinnon's motion for postponing the Reform Bill until after the census of 1861 passed, and if Lord John and other members of the Government (meaning Gladstone and Milner Gibson) went out in consequence, and joined the Radicals against the Government, we would engage ourselves to support Lord Palmerston against them for this session." Naturally Lady Palmerston was very grateful for the offer. The Lords threw out the Paper Bill in due course. Ten days later the Government is described as being in convulsions. Lord John Russell will go out unless the Reform Bill is proceeded with. Mr. Gladstone will go out unless there is a vote of censure on the Lords for meddling with the Paper Duty Bill. "In this critical state of public affairs, Lord Derby had desired me to go to Lady Palmerston, and assure her of the support of our whole party against the

Radicals, and to give a positive promise that we will not coalesce with them in or out of office. Disraeli is equally determined on this point." Accordingly, he saw both Lord and Lady Palmerston, and "had a satisfactory interview with them." "They are as anxious as we are to get rid of the Reform Bill, but do not exactly see their way. It is evident he does not wish to lose Lord John, though he would be very glad if Gladstone resigned" (ii. 228-9). "I think," writes Lord Derby to the diarist, "that in your communications with Palmerston, you cannot be too explicit. He is a gentleman, and will know that you and I are dealing with him *de bonne foi*, and will not suspect a dodge if we make any exception to our promise of support" (ii. 243). One wonders if Lord John and Mr. Gladstone suspected any dodge in the gentleman who was their colleague.

All this interesting reading throws some light on an ingenuous sentence in the biography of the seasoned practitioner who was then the national leader. Political parties, says Mr. Ashley, were in a singular jumble. The Conservatives promised to refrain from all attempts to turn out his Liberal premier, if only he could resist democratic budgets, and so forth. "*Needless to say that Lord Palmerston was too loyal to enter into any such secret understanding*" (ii. 402). By no means needless. We now see from Lord Malmesbury what Lord Palmerston's notion of loyalty was worth, and that it did not in the least hinder him from having "secret understandings" with his political opponents against his own colleagues. When we talk of the dirty work of democratic politics in America and elsewhere, let us first make quite sure that there is not plenty of evidence of work just as dirty, and tricks just as ungentleman-like, among the patricians of our own superfine *régime*. Well might old George III., who was himself no bad hand at a disloyal backstairs intrigue, tell his friend that politics

are a trade for a rascal, and not for a gentleman. "The man of action," said Goethe in a sentence pregnant with many deep meanings, "is essentially conscienceless." But the Machiavellism of action wears a peculiarly shabby look in one of these "satisfactory interviews" between the Whig leader and the emissary from the Tory leader. "Lord Palmerston," runs the entry a few days afterwards, "has made a very good speech on the resolution he proposes with respect to the Lords' rejection of the Paper Bill. Lord Derby said 'it was the best tight-rope dancing he ever saw'" (ii. 230). There is Lord Palmerston to the life.

The death of this statesman in the autumn of 1865 marked the opening of a new era. The nearest parallel to it is in the event that had first brought Palmerston himself into a Cabinet, namely, the fatal illness of Lord Liverpool, the break-up of a long Tory administration, and the accession of Canning. What Canning was in 1827, Mr. Gladstone proved to be, though under a happier star, in 1865. The statesman who had gone had a strong presentiment about his successor. Lady Palmerston told Lady Malmesbury that her husband had always "very serious apprehensions respecting Gladstone's future career, and considered him a very dangerous and reckless politician" (ii. 357). Wellington, Eldon, and perhaps even Peel would have used words as ugly about Canning.

Let us not forget one great impulse, perhaps it was the greatest, to the Liberal revival of this date. "A drawn battle has been fought," Lord Malmesbury jots down not very accurately, in his diary in July, 1863, "between the armies of Lee and Meade." This was the critical repulse of the South on the historic field of Gettysburg. It was the triumph of the Northern cause, and all that this triumph meant for democracy all over the world, that discouraged reaction and stagnancy, and gave the spur to progress in our own country.

It was inevitable that there should be some preliminary confusion, until Mr. Gladstone's leadership had been settled and the lines of a new policy definitely opened. The story of Whig intrigue against Parliamentary Reform is fresh in men's minds, and it has been re-perused by most politicians within the last six months. Lord Malmesbury sheds little new light on the manœuvres of the Cave, for they were pretty well known at the time. On March 15, 1866, Lord Malmesbury finds "our party are despondent about the Reform Bill; but Mr. Lowe, who opposes it, and who is Lord Lansdowne's member for Calne, says he can influence from thirty to thirty-five votes, and if so, we are safe." Such are the fond illusions to which even clever men are liable in the perturbing atmosphere of a party fight. This egregious over-estimate was corrected within a week by the expression of a fear that "the Government have got back some of Mr. Lowe's friends." By May, "Mr. Lowe says that he has no materials to work with, as people are so full of crotchets"—a reason that will raise a smile. Then comes one of those ridiculous rumours with which Pall Mall is always swarming in busy times, that "the Government have promised the Adullamites to withdraw the Reform Bill altogether, if they will steadily support them on all other occasions. The compromise is a disgrace to both parties," adds the diarist, fearful for his promised fishing in the troubled waters. His apprehensions were needless, for the Government were beaten on the once immortal Dunkellin amendment, and they resigned. Who were to succeed? "Mrs. Lowe told me," says Lord Malmesbury (June 22), "what I had heard from Lord Cranborne [now Lord Salisbury] that the Adullamites would not join Lord Derby, as they looked upon that as ratting, but were ready to coalesce with our party under Lord Stanley. The plot is therefore ripening, but it remains to be seen whether it can be put in execution" (ii. 356). This

seems to refer to a previous entry in February (p. 348) to the effect that "there is an attempt just now among a small and unimportant knot of individuals in the Conservative party to get rid of Lord Derby and put Disraeli or Lord Stanley in his place." Lord Malmesbury did not believe that either of the two last named was privy to the scheme, and being himself a devoted friend of Lord Derby, when he was sounded by one of the conspirators, and saw his drift, Lord Malmesbury asked him scornfully where the rank and file was to come from, and then incontinently turned his back upon him. The end of it all was that after a vain attempt to make a fusion with one or two Whig peers, and with the Adullamites who had put him in office, Lord Derby was forced to make a pure Tory administration, and in a few months to take that tremendous "leap in the dark" which as most of his followers had professed to believe would destroy the country, but at any rate had the compensating merit of dishing the Whigs. "Peers on our side," says the diarist, "were averse to it, but at a meeting of them, Lord Derby said he would resign if it was rejected." We commend this historic episode to those amiable souls who believe that, if it were not for Mr. Gladstone, there would be no recklessness in legislation, no imposing of strong personal authority on the noble individuality of free and independent legislators, and that politics would then march by the admirable rules of pure reason, undisturbed by interest, prejudice, or passion.

A great light went out of politics for Lord Malmesbury when Lord Derby died (1869). "In him," he says, "I lose my greatest friend, and the country a most brilliant and accomplished statesman." The picture of him in these pages is not unattractive in its way. He is as offhand and takes great affairs as easily and treats politics as completely as a game, as his public performances led people commonly to suppose. Stanley, said

Macaulay in 1849, "is a great debater, but as to everything else he is still what he was thirty years ago, a clever boy." So he appears here. Mr. Disraeli somewhere pays a high compliment to Lord Derby's indomitable industry. Those who knew Lord Derby's habits smiled at the insincerity of the flattery. The break-up of the Conference of Vienna in the April of 1855 was a tolerably serious event in the history of the day. Lord Derby was at Newmarket. He returned to-day, says Lord Malmesbury, "so full of his racing that he could think and talk of nothing else, and knew nothing of the last week's events; and when I alluded to our propositions at the Vienna Conference having been rejected by Russia, asked, 'What propositions?'—evidently not having looked at a newspaper for the whole week." "Such," he goes on to reflect, "is the character of this remarkable man, who has the habit and power of concentrating his whole mind upon the subject which occupies him at the moment, and dismissing it wholly with equal facility. He is very fond of using the expression, 'One thing at a time!'" There are stories in more recent days of Ministers, not of Lord Derby's politics, being summoned by telegraph from Newmarket or Goodwood to settle the course of a great party at a ticklish moment. And there is a tale of a very illustrious leader indeed who, when asked whether he had seen some utterance of the utmost moment in the newspapers, replied cheerfully that he had not had time, for he had spent the day in the library of — College, looking into editions of the Prayer-book of Edward VI. Politicians differ a good deal in their attention to the news and the written opinion of the day. One leading personage in contemporary politics is said never to look at a paper save for some special purpose, while another peruses five-and-twenty journals per diem. Mr. Bright pointed significantly to what he regarded as the true source

of knowledge and the method for a statesman, when he once said of some one or other, "He reads the newspapers as well and as *studiously* as I do." Lord Malmesbury laments in one place that Lord Derby had never been able to realise the sudden growth and power of the political press. "In these days," he says, "this is a fatal error in men who wish to obtain public power and distinction. Lord Derby is too proud a man to flatter anybody, even his friends and equals, much less those of whom he knows nothing." It may have been a fatal error in Lord Derby, but somehow it is not one that makes us inclined to respect him the less.

There is a reflection in Hervey's *Memoirs* that often comes to one's mind in reading such books as the one before us. He is talking of the dissertations with which Sir Robert Walpole was accustomed to launch out upon his own importance,—thus being guilty, says Hervey, of the double vanity of believing what he said and saying what he believed.

"Cæsar's vanity swallowed so much when Cicero told him it was true he had lived enough for fame and for himself, but not for

his country; but Sir Robert Walpole, I believe, was the first man who ever said so much of himself; which makes the one more extraordinary than the other, as Tully only hoped to be believed in what he said without believing it himself, whilst Sir Robert Walpole did both: whereas with regard to states and nations, nobody's understanding is so much superior to the rest of mankind as to be missed in a week after they are gone: and with regard to particulars, there is not a great banker that breaks who does not distress more people than the disgrace or retirement of the greatest Minister that ever presided in a Cabinet; nor is there a deceased ploughman who leaves a wife and a dozen brats behind him that is not lamented with greater sincerity as well as a loss to more individuals, than any statesman that ever wore a head or deserved to lose it."—Hervey's *Memoirs*. ii. 353, 354.

This is put with an excess of characteristic cynicism. Walpole was amply justified in thinking of his public work as of the first importance to his country: the country has hardly had any wiser minister. But of all save the few great luminaries, Hervey's remarks are pretty true. They are certainly not untrue of the most conspicuous figures in Lord Malmesbury's pages, always excepting the sinister shade of Napoleon III.,—a portent of calamity and ruin on a giant's scale.

BARBADOS.

ALTHOUGH the West Indies constitute a portion of the British empire of which the majority of Englishmen, as a rule, know little, and in which they interest themselves still less, yet there are few who have not at one time or another heard of Barbados, and learnt to speak of its inhabitants as "Badians." The reason of this I take to be the popularity of Captain Marryat's immortal novel, *Peter Simple*, which in a few touches gives an admirable sketch of the chief characteristics of the Barbadians and their beloved island as it was during the time of the great war—characteristics which are almost, if not quite, as strongly marked at the present time. It is true that in later years two accounts of the island, neither of them very complimentary, have appeared in two books of western travel, written by Anthony Trollope and Mr. Chester. But for one who has read these books I suppose quite a hundred have read *Peter Simple*, and it is mainly through *Peter Simple*, I suspect, that Englishmen derive their ideas of Barbados.

In commencing a brief sketch of the island at the present time, drawn from the recollections of a stay extending over a year and a half, it may not be inapposite preliminarily to point out that Barbados, Barbuda, and Bermuda are three distinct localities. This may at first sight appear obvious. But their separate identity is by no means universally recognised among Englishmen, who are apt either to consider them one and the same, or to class all three as portions of the Bermudas. The fact being that Bermuda is more than 1,000 miles apart from Barbados, and not much less from Barbuda, while Barbados and Barbuda are nearer 300 than 200 miles apart—distances contemptible, per-

haps, on a small scale map to the Englishman, but serious enough on the spot.

Barbados, then, is the most easterly and the farthest to "windward" of the West Indian Islands. It is about the size of the Isle of Wight, very much in the shape of a ham, with the knuckle pointing pretty well due north; while the capital, Bridgetown, on the open roadstead of Carlisle Bay, stands a little to the west of the most southerly point.

Let us suppose the 3,500 and odd miles from Southampton traversed, and the steamer anchored in the bay. The deck, of course, is crowded, and boats cluster round the ship like goldfish round a biscuit. Yet here, as is but rare in West Indian harbours, the shore boats are kept in great order by the chief of the water police, and consequently there is less confusion than usual on such occasions. We have several Barbadians on board, and their friends crowd in to welcome them. Barbadians are very particular about landing on their dear island properly dressed—that is, in their very best clothes, and with the orthodox stove-pipe hat on. Observe this venerable gentleman, the centre of a group of admirers. He is arrayed in glossy black from hat to boots. Note also the gold chain, passing from one waistcoat pocket to another, and the glory of his white shirt front. Yet all through the voyage he was content to be seen in a flannel shirt without a collar, the dowdiest of dressing-gowns, slippers, and a faded smoking-cap, with the rest of his garments to match. Every one observed, four hours ago on first catching sight of the island, how the Barbadians mysteriously disappeared into their cabins; and now the mystery is solved, and who shall say that the result is not

satisfactory? But most eyes are now centred on the town, which does not present a very striking appearance. On our extreme left is one horn of the bay, under which are crowded the forest of masts belonging to the fishing-boats; on our right the other horn is marked by a battery and a flag-staff, on which floats a white flag, showing that the mail has arrived. In front, a line of low buildings, with a few trees, two towers, one square and one pointed; and, behind, a line of low hills, green with the sugar-cane, and crowned with innumerable windmills.

Nor does the town improve on acquaintance, and proud and satisfied as the Barbadians are with their little island and all that is therein, I think that some certainly do feel, after visiting Port of Spain in Trinidad and Georgetown in Demerara, that their capital is unworthy of them. Bridgetown, to sum up and get rid of this unpleasant subject at once, is one of the worst-ordered, ugliest, dirtiest, and most detestable towns that can well be conceived. Without going into minor details it may be stated briefly that the streets are narrow and ill-paved, the corners sharp, and the general effect uncomfortable and unsavoury. In the principal street there is hardly room for two carriages abreast; and the negro being an obstructive animal, locomotion is difficult, and conducive to much bad language and perspiration. There is but a single building at all worthy of a thriving town of 30,000 inhabitants, namely, that comprising the public offices, which does its best, and not without success, to give the place an air of respectability. It is built in two wings of neat white stone, with a clock tower, the most conspicuous object from the harbour, and a small court-yard. The street in front of it also is broad and open, and thus an appearance of civilisation is to some extent preserved. The only other large building in the town is the so-called cathedral, such being the title with which the parish church is digni-

fied. It is insignificant to the eye from without, and but for the tower and the graveyard might be anything else. Nor is it much better within; an oblong chamber, with a gallery all round, unpleasantly resembling a music hall, and scarcely redeemed from that by an organ at the west end and a small window of stained glass (cracked) at the east. The subject of the window is a saint, presumably St. Michael, assaulting the upper half of a semi-human creature, presumably Satan. Above it are the arms of one of the best-loved of the Bishops of Barbados, an ornament harmless enough in itself, but, unfortunately, displaying a monkey proper on a field vert, which trenches with dangerous closeness on the grotesque.

The only other object worthy of remark in Bridgetown is the statue of Nelson in a small open space of ground, duly christened Trafalgar Square. Barbados, besides being almost, if not actually, the oldest of the British colonies, is also distinguished from the majority of the West Indian colonies in that it has always been in the hands of the British. Thus, while the other unfortunate islands around were in a chronic state of capture and recapture, now French and now English, Barbados remained unchanged and unconquered. This they owed, as they considered, to Nelson, and hence the statue, which in itself is remarkable for nothing save that it is painted a vivid pea green, emblematic, I take it, of the intention of the Barbadians to keep his memory of the same colour.

But let us get out of the stifling, crowded town, into the clearer air of the country, and see what it has to show us.

Any one who has visited any other of the West Indian Islands (except perhaps Antigua) will pronounce Barbados, in a picturesque point of view, remarkably insignificant, and, as compared with her sisters, positively ugly. True it is that Barbados, not being of volcanic origin, has none of the wild grandeur and surpassing beauty which

distinguish them. There are no towering peaks and deep combs, no vast tracts of dense wild tropical growth to smother the rich red soil with eternal, almost cloying, green; no cool mountain streams, shaded by tall tree ferns, and fringed with bamboo, palms, and cocoa trees. Barbados is composed of coral, or, as some say, limestone, white, glaring, and dazzling when it appears, and where it does not appear, veiled from sight by the eternal sugar-cane. For sugar is the sole product of the island, and, as such, has the monopoly of the land. The northern half of the island, appropriately named Scotland, is higher than the rest, and has in parts a red soil similar to that of the volcanic islands, and Barbadians will sometimes tell you, as an extraordinary attribute of their most extraordinary island, that it is half volcanic and half of coral formation. It has been stated by a geological authority that this is not the case, but that is no reason why Barbadians should not believe it.

The colour of the soil, however, and the formation of the country, affects the natives little, except in so far as the cultivation of sugar is involved. The island is like a garden; every scrap of cultivable land is turned to account, and in many cases the bare rock has been covered with a layer of artificial soil, thin, but sufficient for the canes, except in excessive drought. It is extraordinary to look at the country and see the industry which has been employed in utilising every inch of it. Everywhere fields of thick waving canes, unfenced and undivided except by the white coral roads, thickly sprinkled with the shanties of the negroes, the white houses of the planters, the low buildings and tall chimneys of the manufactories, and the inevitable windmills; while here and there, but far too rarely, stand a few palm trees, their plumes bent over by the trade wind, and a dead branch or two hanging sorrowfully down the trunk like the helpless wing of a stricken pheasant. Everywhere

sugar, sugar, sugar—before which all must fall. The trees were ruthlessly sacrificed to the saccharine Moloch till a diminished rainfall warned the planters that treelessness means rainlessness, and led them to place under the protection of the law such trees as were left.

Thus it comes to pass that a drive over the country is most disagreeable, owing to the absence of shade. There is no escape from the fierce sun overhead, or the frightful glare of the road beneath; the latter certainly the worse of the two evils, and often serious in its effects on the eyes both of blacks and whites. The only relief is a shower of rain, which is hardly a change for the better, as tropical rain is hard to keep out, and if the sun come after it the consequent damp heat is almost worse than anything.

It is, of course, obvious that this high state of cultivation could not be maintained unless labour were cheap and plentiful; and this naturally leads up to the source whence the labour is drawn.

Barbados, within an area of 166 square miles, contains a population of between 170,000 and 180,000 people. Of these, rather less than 9½ per cent. are pure whites, the remainder being coloured and black, the latter greatly predominating. It is to this enormous population that Barbados owes its long-continued prosperity; it was this which enabled it to stand unshaken when the abolition of slavery, and the withdrawal of the protective duties on sugar, wrought ruin in the rest of the British West Indies.

Nevertheless I must confess that I entertain a very strong antipathy towards the African negro as developed in Barbados. There are to be found, it is true, brilliant exceptions to the general rule, especially among old family servants; and of course any remarks made here do not apply to those of black complexion who, being well-educated and enlightened men, have done, and still are doing, good service in the island. But,

taken generally, the Barbadian negro in his own country is a treacherous, idle, lying, thieving, sensual creature, with little to endear him to his white brethren. His insolence is proverbial, and nowhere shows itself more strikingly and consistently than in the public streets. As surely as a white man's carriage appears, so surely will the negro, whether driving or afoot, do all that he can to obstruct the white man's passage. It is no use to speak to him, for the only result is an insolent rejoinder, and it is better not to drive over him or take his wheel off. Patience (for black policemen are like ours in England, rarely to hand when wanted, and, unlike ours, when at hand inefficient) is the only resource; and when at last the shandrydan, or donkey cart, is drawn out of the way, the negro will most likely start off just as you are alongside with a yell, and at the nearest approach to a gallop which his quadruped can raise, in order to frighten your horses if possible. The donkey cart is a favourite conveyance with the negro, and the number of them is so great as to constitute a serious nuisance. To animals the negro is, as a rule, most brutal, but yet, curiously enough, he is very shy of killing a dog.

The behaviour of the ordinary negro towards his children is also marked by great brutality. They will send them out to steal sugar-cane, and thrash them barbarously if they return empty-handed or are detected; nor are they more gentle to their wives, or reputed wives; and there have been instances where an incensed husband has found the stick insufficiently severe for purposes of conjugal correction, and has resorted to a saw as better fitted for the purpose.

In a "row" the negro's weapon is a razor, the blade turned back on to the handle and fastened to the end of a stick; a very efficient weapon in a crowd, inflicting a nasty wound without any immediate fear of actual killing. Cutting and wounding is

consequently an offence dealt with more severely than others in Barbados, and the fondness of the negro for his razor is so thoroughly recognised that not only are none given to the West Indian regiments, but the men are forbidden to have them, and to be shaved is, I believe, a distinct offence.

As thieves the negroes are most expert, and burglaries are frequent, especially in the smaller houses. A hen roost it is almost impossible to preserve from them, and if they get into one they will sweep it clean. Their mode of proceeding on such occasions is, I am told, as follows:— Having obtained an entry, they seize each bird from the perch, put its head under its wing, and whirl the unfortunate fowl round and round in the air five or six times. The result of this (as I can testify) is that the bird remains torpid, and apparently lifeless, and is thus easily stowed away in a bag without danger of inconvenient cackling. Nor is it against their betters only that such attacks are directed; for they prey equally upon each other. Every night in Barbados is made hideous by the discharge of curious old fire-arms out of the windows of the shanties as a warning that the inmates are on their guard.

It need hardly be said that they are vindictive, and that their vengeance is characterised by meanness and cowardice. It is nothing uncommon for one with a grudge against another to wait till his enemy's shanty is closed and snug for the night and then, having barred the door, to burn it over his head by a judicious use of kerosine oil, in such sort that those within shall hardly have time to escape.

In the case of the planters, they will choose a windy night after a dry day just before harvest, when the dead leaves or trash are thick round the canes. Then a rag soaked in kerosine is lighted and thrown into the canes on the windward side, with the

probable result that many acres are swept by the fire, and the crop seriously if not hopelessly damaged. I have seen five such fires burning at once in one night, and I have known as many as eight, spreading over areas varying from five to eighty acres. Children are frequently employed by the negroes on these occasions to avoid suspicious appearances, and it is very rarely that an incendiary is detected.

It must not at the same time be supposed that, notwithstanding the treachery of the negroes, it is easy to obtain evidence from them against their fellows in a criminal matter. They will hang closely together on such occasions, unless the accused has an enemy or enemies with an unwreaked grudge against him, when witnesses will be forthcoming without difficulty. This may appear at first sight incompatible with what was previously said of the distrust which the negroes entertain towards each other, but it is not so. The clannish feeling among the negroes is, within certain limits, strong; but if it could be certainly depended on negroes would have little to fear from a jury of themselves.

On minor points, that is, such as can be determined by the district magistrates, there is nothing that the negro loves better than litigation. Petty assaults, trumped-up charges, and (most troublesome of all) questions in respect of small patches of land which have descended to negroes from grants made to their slave ancestors by their owners in former days, keep the minor courts busily employed; and, as an appeal lies to a minor appeal court from every magistrate's decision, the negro can have his fill of litigation in the most insignificant matters. Litigation, in fact, is supposed to be a safety valve which ensures the quietness of the negroes, and no doubt there is some truth in this. If a negro loses his suit both before the magistrates and the assistant court of appeal, he will have no hesitation in reviving the question

in the form of a petition to the governor. The blacks have a great notion that the governor can rise superior to the law, and the number of petitions sent in, and of personal interviews requested, is something extraordinary. In the slightest difficulty they will come to the governor, and much of the private secretary's time is taken up in interviews with such applicants. They will ask for anything from a piece of bread to a divorce, from a sixpence to a free pardon. These visitors are more frequently female than male, and these ladies will often put on their best clothes, and look their sweetest, so as to lose no chance of creating a favourable impression.

The idleness of the negro is not so unnatural, considering the circumstances in which he lives in his native island. Food is extraordinarily cheap, and a shilling will keep a man for a week. Further, alongside every road—unfenced and unguarded—the sugar cane, of which he is particularly fond, lies open to his hand; and though he is liable to prosecution for theft if detected, and all devisable means are employed to check this species of theft (predial larceny as it is called), there can be no doubt that incalculable damage is done to the crop in this way. To the small proprietor especially this is a very serious evil, as he cannot afford the decimation of his canes, and it also tells heavily on the larger landowners. The mischief prevails throughout the West Indies, and though somewhat discouraged by summary imprisonment, will never, I take it, be even approximately stamped out. Thus, as the ordinary labourers' wages are 1s. per day, and two days' work, or one day's if he steal successfully, will buy him corn, meat, salt fish, and rum enough for a week's living, it is no wonder that he will not work for six days.

In justice to the Barbadian negroes, however, it must be said that when they do work they work hard in the cane-fields; and it is, I think, acknow-

ledged that they are the best labourers possible for the cultivation of sugar. In crop time they will go out and work from early morning to very late in the evening, and they seem to take a pride in the produce of their island. In the other islands Barbadian labourers are much prized, and many efforts, attended with but small success, have been made to promote emigration among them. But they are not fond of emigrating, and if they do emigrate they will in most cases return. Demerara appears to be their favourite field next to their own country, and, being much valued there, every inducement is held out to them to come and stay. I heard of one who, arriving as a simple labourer, had risen to be general manager of a large estate at a salary of 1,000*l.* a year; and I was told by his master that his services were cheaply obtained even at that rate. In fact the Barbadian, contrary to the proverb, seems to change his character, and that for the better, with change of locality. In Grenada there is a very thriving little colony of them, peasant proprietors, occupying one of the most beautiful portions of that beautiful island, and there are many more scattered among the other islands. In St. Lucia especially an earnest attempt is being made to import Barbadian labour; but there is one great difficulty in the way, namely, that the proprietors require such labourers to be bound to them, at all events for a time, that a certain return for the expense of the labourer's passage, &c., may be insured to him, and also for other reasons. But a Barbadian objects to be bound, and even the prospect of becoming a peasant proprietor does not reconcile him to it. It is unfortunate, because, if prevented from "squatting," they do well in such a position, and a peasant proprietary is undoubtedly advantageous to any island where it exists.

As to the morality of the West Indian negro it is well not to inquire too deeply. The proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children among

them is pretty evenly sustained throughout the West Indies as five to three. But this is hardly to be wondered at when their dwellings are taken into consideration. Wretched little wooden shanties of one story, often containing within a space the size of a billiard-table six, eight, or even twelve human beings—such is the worst class of house, but the generality are little better. In many cases there are partitions, more or less complete; in a few better instances two stories, but this is very rare. Glass is almost unknown, a *jalousie* shutter propped up by a stick being, as a rule, the sole covering for the windows. At night the house is closed up tight, and between the real pigs outside and the human pigs within, the effect is not savoury. The stifling air within also renders them peculiarly liable to consumption and diseases of the chest, against which a negro once seized seems unable to make any fight.

There is no doubt that a negro might, without any great difficulty, earn enough to keep him in a better house, but they do not care to spend their money on such an object. It is said that on four things only will a negro spend money—a wedding, a funeral, a lawsuit, and dress. The marriage ceremony is generally the last attribute of matrimony with which he concerns himself, but after some years' anticipation of the honeymoon he will, perhaps, have scraped together sufficient dollars for a great wedding, with four or five carriages. A funeral, also, they delight in, and their love of litigation has already been noticed. The love of finery may be noted on any Sunday or high-day; yellow, blue, and green are favourite colours with the females, while the males prefer a frock coat with a velvet collar, white waistcoat, drab trousers, silk hat, and boots. In fact it is extraordinary to see the gorgeous costumes that issue on Sundays out of the filthiest shanties, more especially when the costume of the previous day is recollected to have been two rather sparse and very

dirty garments of once white canvas, and certainly no boots. To attire the whole population so gorgeously of course many skilled tailors are required, and in the census of 1881 no fewer than 10,000 females returned themselves as seamstresses. These ladies, however, have other sources of income besides their needles.

With such splendid habiliments to show on Sunday the negro, of course, is constant in attendance at Church. On entering the sacred building the men's first care is to remove their boots, not from any leanings towards Mohammedanism, but because they are painful. In connection with this I may mention a ludicrous occurrence which caused some amusement among the English resident in Barbados. A black man holding a situation of trust in the garrison (I forget whether he was a soldier or not), was engaged to a black lady, and the general promised to be present at the wedding. On the appointed day the bridal party duly arrived, the bride clad in white satin with the orthodox orange flowers, veil, &c., and white satin shoes. Everything was ready, but the general had not arrived. The bride became more and more uneasy, and still the general came not; the sweat poured down her black face, and still she held out; but at last human nature could stand it no longer, and the faithful bridegroom knelt down and removed the white satin slippers which had caused so much agony. Soon after the emancipation of the poor black feet the general arrived, and all went well, but still the ceremony was held to have been in some degree marred.

Once in church the negro sings very loud, and appears very religious, but few have much faith in this, and indeed their hypocrisy is so well understood that chiefs of police and other departments have been compelled to make it a rule to reject all candidates who bring certificates from their parish priests that they are regular communicants. For the rest, the negroes, upon whom I have dwelt at some

length as the most important body in the island, are a cheerful, careless, thriftless lot, who between vice and stealing manage to lead a pretty merry life, and are probably as happy in their own way as the majority of people in this world.

It can hardly be said that there exists a middle class in Barbados, at least not what we understand by a middle class in England. Whether this be due to the strong "colour" feeling which exists in Barbados, and places a barrier between those tainted, however remotely, with negro blood, and the pure whites, or to the relative unimportance in numbers and influence of those who in England would be described as the middle class, it is not easy to say nor worth while to examine. I therefore pass at once to the two divisions of whites in the island, viz., the fallen or "mean" whites, and the flourishing and regnant whites, i.e. the planters and leading merchants.

Of the first class, or "mean" whites, it is unnecessary to say much. They are descendants of the original white colonists who have fallen from their high estate and become poor. With some of the best English blood in their veins they represent about as low a type of white humanity as exists. In colour the hue of a yellow brick, long, lanky, ungainly, and hideous, they can neither work nor flourish in the tropical climate; but though unable to dig, to beg they are not ashamed. Too proud, and, probably, too weak to accept a menial position, they have no scruple about asking for anything—from a place under Government to a new hat. They are viewed with contempt by all others, white or black, in the island, and mercifully are fast dying out.

The rest of the white Barbadians may also be divided into two classes. First, the ultra-Conservative and most bigoted opponent of progress; the true old type of Barbadian. Secondly, the moderate Conservatives or tolerators of progress; a far preferable class to

the other. Radicals there are none in the island, and from past and present experience there never will be, certainly among the whites, and not for the present, at least, if ever among the blacks.

It has been the fashion generally for visitors to the island to say nothing but hard words of the planters (under which name the white Barbadians may generally be summed up) and to magnify the blacks at their expense. That such people should have received an unfavourable impression of the whites I can well understand, but as to the blacks I am unable to account for their taste. The Barbadian planter is by no one more unsparingly abused than by the other West Indian colonists. They make them a continual butt for their rather feeble ridicule, and not altogether justifiable vituperation. They laugh at an island where there is no public park or recreation ground to speak of; where there is no river and no woodland; no tropical jungle, no glorious scenery; no spot, in a word, where a man may escape from the eternal sugar cane. They sneer at the form of Barbadian government; they scoff at the self-satisfaction of the planters themselves, and finally sum them up as a conceited, inhospitable lot, caring for nothing beyond their island save gambling.

Now all this is very well, and, no doubt, there is some reason in it; but it does not come with a good grace from the majority of West Indian colonists, inasmuch as it is chiefly dictated by envy. The island is doubtless at a great disadvantage in point of comfort, pleasure, and beauty owing to the universal sway of sugar cane cultivation; but those who quarrel with this would give much to see their own island such a garden, and to have such a supply of labourers to make it and keep it so. So also with the government; there is not one Crown colony that does not rail against that form of administration, and clamour, as I think unwisely, for the Constitution enjoyed by Barbados. I say un-

wisely, because in most cases the servile imitation of the English Constitution has not been and cannot be a success in such small places, while the Dutch Constitution as existing in British Guiana supplies all defects.

As to the Barbadian planters themselves, I take it that they are, altogether, the most conceited and self-satisfied people in the world. Their love and admiration for their island is carried to an extravagant degree, though not, so far as I can gather, quite so far as was the case ten or twelve years ago. There are still, however, a very great many of the older generation, and some of the present, who look upon everything of theirs as the best in this world, and do not care to inquire which is the next best.

When this feeling was universal it may be imagined how intolerably "bumptious" they must have appeared to a stranger, and how contemptible to an Englishman. It still prevails to far too great an extent, though the facilities of access to Europe have done something towards rubbing it away. I have heard more than one boast that he has never left the island; while many return from a visit to England more firmly persuaded than ever of its inferiority in every respect, except perhaps size, to Barbados. Fortunately, however, this is not always the case, and some of the more enlightened go so far as to admit that even British Guiana is ahead of them.

Another great characteristic of the Barbadian planter is his hatred of innovation and suspicion of strangers. How the former of these are shaken, though not overcome, will presently be shown; the latter remains as strong as ever. An Englishman if appointed to a post under Government which in his opinion should have been given to a Barbadian is looked upon as a natural enemy, and no opportunity is lost of making this patent to the innocent offender.

It is not, however, fair to say that the planters are inhospitable. Of

course, like all other people, if you are uncivil to them they will not be over civil to you; but it is not hard for a stranger to get into their good graces, and a friend of one is a friend of all with them. As your host, the planter insists upon one thing only, that you shall do exactly what you like, treat all that is his as yours, and be put to no trouble or expense. If he wishes to see you at his house he does not give the vague invitation that is really no invitation to "come up any day you please;" he insists that you shall name a day, any day that suits you, and on that day his carriage will come for you, generally with himself to escort you, or, should his absence be unavoidable, with a polite apology, frequently accompanied by a huge case of cigars to smoke on the way. When you arrive he knows exactly what you want—a wash and something to drink. If he has a swimming bath it will be full and ready for you, and you can have what you like to drink; nor will he quarrel with you if you prefer non-intoxicating liquor.

The planters' houses are generally very cool and comfortable. They are, as a rule, built low to lessen the danger in case of a hurricane; more than two stories are rare. The largest front possible is presented to the trade wind, and in most cases there is a broad verandah all round. Within, the ornaments and furniture are not in the best taste; the walls are sparsely covered with indifferent prints, most frequently from Landseer's pictures, of a cheap and paltry nature. In fact, the decorations seldom rise above the level of those commonly found in the rooms of a public-school boy. Nevertheless, cool air and warm hospitality will do much to remove the disagreeable impressions produced by the inanimate surroundings.

It is the exception for a planter to keep the approach to his house pretty or even tidy, a neglect which jars on the Englishman. For this, the native antipathy to trees and the high value

of land may in some measure account; but the general excuse is want of time to attend to such small matters, and want of dollars may often have something to say to it. Nevertheless, there are houses—though they are the exception—where the garden and grounds receive as much care as the canes. In such places the verandah is festooned with creepers, and there are few things more pleasant after a hard day's work than to lie in a hammock in such a verandah with the cool trade wind blowing through the tangles of the stephanotis, while the eye can travel over grey plumbago and scarlet poinsettia and frangipanni of every tint from white to crimson, over waving canes and tall nodding palms to the intense blue of the Atlantic.

Sugar occupies not unnaturally most of the planter's thoughts, takes up the greater part of his time, and forms the subject of most of his conversation. Beyond it the planter takes interest in little, and there is little else in the island in which he can take interest. The cane fields often come right up to the house; the yard is filled with stacks of megass, or dried canes from which the juice has been expressed, and the estate machinery is within a stone's throw. Next to the canes the barometer and rain gauge receive the greatest attention. The dread of a hurricane, though none has occurred since the disastrous year 1831, is uppermost in the Barbadian mind, and this cannot be wondered at. The barometer as a rule stands very high, and if it fall to 29°, a hurricane is certain. I remember one day, when the barometer fell just below 29½°, that an old gentleman came anxiously up to see if his barometer tallied with others, and, perceiving that it did, hastened home and looked to the fittings of his "hurricane bars" lest his windows should be blown in and his house demolished.

For amusement the planter has not a very wide field to select from. There is no sport worthy of the name, so he generally sits down to a comfortable

rubber about five o'clock, after his day's work. Whist is a favourite game in Barbados, and loo is also popular; so much so that, as has been already said, it lays the planters open to the charge of being inveterate gamblers. But, though this may once have been so, I do not think it can be truly said of them now.

Thus the existence of the gentlemen is, as may be imagined, not a very lively one, but that of the ladies must, I conceive, be more than monotonous. There is little for them to do, and beyond sugar, little to talk about. Dancing is their favourite occupation, and without disrespect to them, I doubt if, as a rule, they, that is the younger ones among them, care for much else. The climate and the meagre resources of the island are mostly to blame for this. English women have no business in the tropics even if Englishmen have.

The life of the planter is not an easy one. He has to be abroad early to go round his estate and keep a very sharp eye both on canes and negroes. Over and above the ordinary anxieties incident to sugar-planting, and all other cultivation, there are the depredations of the negroes to guard against before the crop is reaped. During crop time he must be in the fields, or in the works, morning, noon, and night. Every Barbadian who does well is sure either to begin or end as a planter. Sugar is the only thing for which they really have a liking; planting is their sole ambition, and the only result is that too many take up the business with insufficient or borrowed capital, and become heavily involved. Once in the power of the great West Indian firms, which are to the planter what the children of Israel are to the Englishman, he will hardly shake himself free. A life of burden and retrogression is sure to follow, ending sooner or later in complete ruin. Half the property in the island is said to belong to these firms really if not ostensibly, and it being to their interest that estates should not be

broken up into small holdings, and that things should remain as they have done for the last two centuries, the island suffers greatly from such an incubus. Happily one great blow has been struck at them by the abolition of the law giving priority to the consignee's lien, which ensured to them the power of keeping estates, to the owners of which they had made advances, in their own hands. The upset price of good sugar land in Barbados is 100*l.* an acre, and the size of estates ranges from about 80 to 300 acres, 150 acres being, so far as I can recollect, about the average. If smaller portions could be bought, many could be worked without borrowed capital; but the Shylocks will not permit this. If a planter fails, and an estate is sold, they will take it all over to prevent its being broken up.

When the planter fails he turns almost invariably to the public service as a means of getting his bread. Throughout the Windward Islands at least, and I suspect throughout the West Indies generally, an impression prevails that the public service is intended to be a refuge to broken-down planters; and this impression it is extremely difficult to remove. A place never falls vacant, from the highest to the lowest, without applications from many who rest their claims solely on the fact they have failed in everything else; nay, even men who are doing well in other posts will apply, on the supposition that the public will be sufficiently well served if they give up to it, not their whole time, but so much of it as they can spare from their other business; in a word, if they put themselves first and the public second. A great trouble with the Barbadians is the difficulty of persuading them to accept a post in any but their own island. They will not see that in such a small place where nearly every one is more or less nearly related, local associations cannot but prevent a public officer from executing his duty disinterestedly and impartially. It is

the more astonishing, for when Barbadians can be prevailed upon to leave their own public service for that of another colony, they as a rule do extremely well, and bring credit on their native place. It must be said to the great honour of the Barbadian public service, that it is free from the scandals which are so frequent in those of neighbouring islands. Embezzlement is far too common in many of them, more especially in those where the inhabitants are of mixed French and English origin; but I do not think such a thing would be possible in Barbados, and if Nelson by warding off a French occupation saved the island from this also, his statue should be covered with gold rather than green paint.

The great glory of the Barbadians is their constitution, which, as they never weary of relating, they have possessed for more than 200 years. The said constitution is of course formed on the model of our own. There is the Governor in place of the Sovereign, the Legislative Council to represent the House of Lords, and the House of Assembly for the House of Commons.

The House of Assembly is, of course, the most important and most self-important of the three. It consists of twenty-six members, two for each of the twelve parishes into which the island is divided, and two for the city of Bridgetown. It is elected annually, but the elections have long been a complete farce. The number of registered electors in 1882 was about 1400 (out of 175,000 people). A few more perhaps had the requisite qualifications but did not care to exercise the privilege, and so this admirably conceived representative assembly has degenerated into an assembly of the planters' nominees. There is no excitement, no trouble taken about it, and a contested election is rare. I remember one when a young man of the old ultra-Conservative Barbadian type opposed a so-called Government candidate, and was duly elected by, I

think, twenty-nine votes to twenty-five; a triumphant majority, which was duly extolled in the pages of the organ of that section.

The House sits in a handsome room in the public buildings. There is no Government side and Opposition side, but all sit in deep arm-chairs round a horse-shoe table, with the Speaker, gowned but not wigged, perched up on a dais at one end, so that the effect is rather that of a lot of grown-up school-boys in a luxurious schoolroom.

The House of Assembly of Barbados is not the most hard-worked assembly in the world. It meets once a week, generally on Tuesdays at twelve noon, and sits for three or four hours. It is the function of the Assembly to examine, with extreme suspicion, and in most cases to oppose, any proposal that emanates from the Governor or the Colonial Office. It is equally one of its functions to ask questions about everything that is done and a good many things that are not done by any Englishman holding an appointment in the public service, or any Barbadian official who is inclined to go strongly with the Government; such persons being looked upon always as doubtful characters.

It is much to be deplored that the leading gentlemen of the island decline to come forward as candidates for seats in the House, and thus permit them to be filled by men with no stake in the country and utterly unfit for the post. The usual excuse is want of time, and so long as the hours of sitting are from noon onwards there can be no doubt that it is not altogether invalid; for the leading merchants could not, without some inconvenience, leave their offices at the busiest time of the day. Yet taking into account the value they set on their so-called Constitution and the endless praises that they shower on it, it is not, I think, altogether creditable that they should make no effort to uphold the respectability of its representative Assembly; more especially when it is remembered that the elections are

little trouble and less expense, while the whole time for which the House sits during the year does not exceed two hundred hours.

The Legislative Council is composed of retired members of the Lower House and other leading gentlemen in the island nominated by the Crown. They have, of course, the distinctive title of "Honourable," but even this often fails to induce the local magnates to accept a seat in the Council; such is their apathy as to the conduct of public business. As is usually the case with upper chambers the Legislative Council has little influence in the management of affairs, so there is no need to dwell on it at any greater length.

The Constitution of Barbados was once in imminent peril. This was in the year 1876. The Barbadians are extremely proud of their attitude and general behaviour on that occasion, and never lose an opportunity of exalting themselves and debasing those who were their opponents in that memorable year. The story is a long one, and, to any one who knows any thing of the island comical, in the extreme, but it is not possible here to give more than the barest outline of that momentous crisis in Barbadian history. Suffice it to say that a Governor came out with orders to endeavour to confederate the Windward Islands as had recently been done in the case of the Leewards. The four other islands of the group agreed to part with their constitutions and are Crown colonies at this day, but Barbados stood out and refused. It was not unnatural that the Barbadians, with greater wealth than the other four put together, should be disinclined to devote their resources to the benefit of any but themselves, and so a contest arose between the whites, i.e., the dominant body, and the Governor. The negroes rose against the whites, why it is not for me to determine, and began to use violence. A few were shot down and order was restored. The planters lost their heads utterly, became frantic

with rage and fear, and acted according to their dictates. The Governor kept his head and cared for none of these things, till at last he was recalled amid the exultation of the whites and the sorrow of the blacks. The Barbadians were and still are jubilant over their victory, but I do not think that either side had much to boast of; and certainly neither can say with truth that it employed none but fair and honourable means to carry on the contest. Such is in two words the story of the great Barbadian Revolution, and to those who care to know more about it I would recommend the Blue Book treating of the riots in Barbados in 1876 as most amusing reading. My sympathies in the struggle are, I confess, with the victorious party, but at the same time I do not think it altogether necessary that they should extend against every Governor the antipathy which they entertained towards the gentleman who held that office in 1876. Nor, again, is it altogether seemly for a community which is more than ordinarily loyal, and plumes itself openly upon its loyalty, to treasure the remembrance of a not altogether creditable victory over the Queen's representative.

Much remains to be done. The existing poor-law is hopelessly inadequate and inefficient, and a stringent bastardy law is much needed. Together with these, a scheme of emigration will be advisable, if not absolutely necessary. A bill extending the franchise to many who did not enjoy it under the old system is in progress, even if it be not already passed. Another very desirable change is the abolition—or at least reform—of the various petty parochial boards and vestries, to which are intrusted, after the model of the old country, the relief of the poor, the maintenance of the roads, &c. The existence of such little "*imperia in imperio*" within an island of the small size of Barbados is ridiculous, and the work done under their direction is, as a rule, unsatisfactory and expensive.

The present Governor has accomplished more during the four years that he has held that office than could have been expected from most men in twenty, but the Barbadians can hardly hope to keep him much longer, and it will depend in great measure on his successor whether the work which he may leave to be done will be satisfactorily completed. For though Barbados enjoys representative institutions, yet a good and energetic Governor is essential to its prosperity. Whether it be due to dread of opposition, or, as is more likely, to unwillingness to disturb the old, old order of things, natives of the island are averse to taking any initiative in the matter of alterations, however crying the need for them; but with a tactful Governor to show them the way, those that will admit that there are perhaps a few things in the island which are susceptible of improvement, are ready to follow, cautiously enough at first, but gradually with more and more confidence.

The position of the Governor is, of course, a thankless one, for no matter how genuine and obvious his wish to labour impartially and disinterestedly for the public good, measures proposed by him are sure to be received with suspicion by almost all, and obstructive opposition by a great many; to say nothing of the uniform scurrility of the press. This last, however, is of no very great importance, and unworthy of notice.

From such a press, as may be imagined, a Governor has little to fear and much that may amuse; but the present Governor, I suspect, by his last crowning work for the island, has earned the laudations even of his editorial enemies. For Barbados is now at last to be severed from the rest of the Windward Islands, and erected into a separate government, retaining all its old privileges, and gaining in addition the advantage of

enjoying the exclusive attention of the gentleman appointed to represent the sovereign therein. The other Windward Islands will also be constituted into a separate government, and, it is to be hoped, confederated—an arrangement which will be for the profit of all concerned. Thus the Barbadians are at last freed from the hated phantom of confederation which for so long has haunted them, and placed itself between the people and the Governor. What a contrast in the last ten years! When the island was hopelessly behind the age, and likely to go from bad to worse, the only remedy which the Colonial Office could suggest was confederation. This was fiercely combated and successfully rejected, and now comes the irony of the result. The old colony has since advanced steadily in the right direction, and continues to advance; and this by leaving it to enjoy its unique position, and substituting absolute isolation for compulsory conjunction with other colonies.

Even Barbados, though, as has been already said, spared the curse of invasion, can show only too many memorials of the victims of hurricanes and the dreaded yellow fever. So recently as 1881 the latter appeared and the garrison suffered heavily, as did also the civilians. The Barbadians, however, faced the enemy like men, and never for a moment gave way to panic, though such visitations are now very rare. With full confidence in their island, which is, as they know, the healthiest of those around, they "came up smiling," and did not allow themselves, if spared by the epidemic, to die of fear. Thus happy then in the enjoyment of a good climate, able leaders, and an overflowing treasury, they need but two things to ensure their future prosperity, good governors and good fortune, both of which I most heartily wish them.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WHAT is the truth about the condition and the public repute of the House of Commons? That neither is quite satisfactory—that the House is neither thriving as well within its walls nor as well thought of without them as could be wished—we all know; but what kind and how much of deduction should be made from the superlatives in which it is usual to hear these facts described? For nearly everybody in these high-pressure days appears to feel that whether in speech or writing he must be emphatic or die. Every accident is a "catastrophe"; every misfortune a "calamity"; every ailment a mortal disease. Does a national institution show certain disquieting symptoms of diminished efficiency? We at once pronounce it to be "in its decline." Do the later developments of a great political principle disclose the existence of points of weakness unrevealed by its earlier applications? At once we exclaim that the virtue and vitality of the principle is exhausted, and that its work in the world is done. Such, at least, to descend from generals to particulars, is undeniably the way in which it has become too common to talk and write about the House of Commons. That venerable assembly—one has heard it said and seen it written a score of times—has entered upon its decadence; and we congratulate ourselves when writer or speaker stops short of the assertion that representative government is itself sinking in decay. Every unpleasant phenomenon of our Parliamentary life supplies fresh material for these despairing prognostics. "Scenes in the House" are found or imagined to be on the increase, and we cry out that the very manners of the assembly have degenerated. The morning after a wrangle which, violent as we think it, would

have passed over and away in the French Chamber without anybody knowing that anything particular was going on, we assure each other with mournful shakes of the head that the House has now regularly established itself as the national bear-garden. Its Speaker finds the work of controlling its proceedings a more difficult one than his predecessors, and straightway its condition becomes describable by no less formidable a term than "anarchy." It struggles more painfully and less successfully than of old with its self-allotted work; and nothing then will do justice to that state of things but the word "paralysis."

In the same picturesque and rhetorical fashion, only with even more obvious exaggeration, do we accustom ourselves in speech and writing to describe the national opinion of the nation's assembly. The House, we are told, has "fallen into contempt." The country "despairs of its future," and for that matter—so croak the louder and hoarser croakers—of the "future of Parliamentary government" to boot. Here, however, even the most slowly stirring scepticism begins probably to awake; and when the serious student of politics is seriously told that his countrymen are prepared to accept (and to accept with what under the circumstances would be a thoroughly discreditable *nonchalance*), not only the decline and downfall of their most venerable political institution, but the declared failure of what has hitherto proved the most hopeful experiment in the art of human government—why, he may naturally be excused for seeking some stronger proofs of the fact than the only one usually vouchsafed to him, namely that the cheaper newspapers have cut down the Parliamentary reports to a small fraction of their former length.

Ridiculous as the thing may appear, this is really the only tangible piece of evidence which is ever offered for the startling proposition that the House of Commons has "fallen into public contempt." These are the actual limits of the argumentative foundation which has been made to bear so vast a superstructural conclusion. Of course, however, if our serious student of politics studies other things besides, and in particular if he keeps an open eye upon the subjects which interest his less serious fellow-man, he will soon enough perceive the conclusion upon which the conductors of the penny press have acted in their capacity of news-purveyors to the immensely increased and ever-increasing public for whom newspapers have nowadays to provide; and that this conclusion is not that the average newspaper reader loves the House of Commons less but that he loves hand-caps more. The immense disproportion, in all countries in the world, between the number of people who wish to be amused and those who wish to inform themselves appears not to have occurred to these gloomy minds: neither, apparently, has the fact that a newspaper which wishes to outstrip the circulation of its rivals must give considerable attention to the question of what will interest the greatest number of people. That Parliament should not be able to compete with other scenes of popular entertainment is hardly a cause for despairing of its future: not at least so long as, for instance, the exposition of "divine philosophy" to the public fails to found anything like the fortunes that are to be made by the composition of opera bouffe. Mr. Gilbert's will always be a more popular name than Mr. Herbert Spencer's; and it is not merely because Mr. Frederic Harrison has contested Mr. Spencer's claims to originality, that the number of people who have been to see *Patience* or *H.M.S. Pinafore* so far exceeds the number of those who have read *First Principles* or *Social Statics*. Yet we

do not jump from this to the conclusion that the study of sociology is "falling into contempt."

No: we need not trouble ourselves just at present with the disturbing imagination that the English people have got to regard their House of Commons and Parliamentary government as Mr. William Nye (and he but for one brief moment of despondency) regarded civilisation and "the Caucasian." To the average Englishman we may be very sure that the House of Commons is not "a failure," nor Parliamentary government "played out." Not only does he not think this, but he would stare if you asked him whether the idea had ever occurred to him. He listens—or more likely he does not listen—to the talk about obstruction and deadlock, as he would listen—or more likely would not listen—to the disquisitions of currency-doctors on bimetalism. But he no more believes that anything dreadful is happening or going to happen to the House of Commons and Parliamentary government than he believes that the Bank of England will refuse to honour its notes or that English credit is about to sink in the market of the world from three-and-a-half to ten per cent.

Leaving aside, then, the public repute of the House of Commons as a thing not so lightly shaken as we are apparently expected to believe, we may go straight to the actual facts of the case. And the question will then assume the following form. If Englishmen in general still believe in the vigour and vitality of their great representative assembly, are they justified in doing so? If they regard the undeniable maladies from which it is suffering, not as mortal diseases, but as mere ailments which it can and will throw off, are they right in so regarding them? Are they rightly convinced that the House of Commons is not really declining either in general intellectual ability or in those moral qualities which must accompany intel-

lectual ability; in a deliberative assembly if its decisions are to command respect; or, lastly, in that practical capacity for business which after all is nothing more than a certain combination and apportionment of intellectual and moral gifts?

The last, of course, is by far the most important consideration of the three; but it is so intimately dependent on the other two that it cannot profitably be dealt with until they have been disposed of. Moreover, it is a matter upon which, if it were dealt with alone, a reader might perhaps be disposed to resent instruction. The shortcomings of the House of Commons in the article of legislation are well known to everybody; and nearly everybody has his own explanation of it. The intellectual and moral defects to which the failure may be attributed (in so far as it is due to internal causes, or supposing it to be due to them at all) are not to be gathered, or not at any rate with the same completeness, from observation *ab extra* as is the fact of the failure itself; and on this point therefore the impressions of an habitual attendant at Parliamentary proceedings—an attendant more regular and attentive as a matter of duty than he would ever be from choice, and on that account the less likely to be an unduly partial witness—may not perhaps be unacceptable.

The intellectual calibre of a deliberative assembly may, as a rule, be roughly gauged by the average standard of its oratory, just, and in the same rough fashion, as its moral *ethos* may be tested by its manners. Among individuals, of course, the minor morals are no more decisive of the major than tongue-skill is a certain index to brain-power. But among bodies of men where the *primâ facie* presumption of mental capacity from effective speech, and of right feeling from propriety of demeanour, gathers strength by recurrence, the case is somewhat different. Our own people, at any rate, would be hard of per-

suasion that high debating ability—especially of the practical sort that alone satisfies the judgment of Englishmen—is likely to coexist with unwisdom of conduct; nor, conversely, would they readily believe in the persistence of the pristine moral virtues of an assembly which showed a progressive decline in the standard of its manners. It cannot be denied, therefore, that, if the more hostile critics of the existing House of Commons could fully establish their charges against it, its national reputation would be in a bad way. For its supposed intellectual inferiority to the Parliaments of twenty or thirty years ago is not a more constant subject of lamentation than is the alleged debasement of its manners: while the latter is probably the most widely and unreservedly believed of any of the charges brought against the House of Commons. One thing which procures it so ready an acceptance is the facility with which it can be confused with another charge of a totally distinct kind, and thus supported by evidence which is really applicable to the latter alone. "Scenes in the House," its censors remind us, are of almost daily occurrence; and the newspapers which cut short their reports of the debates, take care enough to let their readers have as full and highly-coloured accounts of these "scenes" as can be provided for them. Yet though the incidents described by this name do occasionally arise out of, and yet more frequently lead to, outbreaks of ill-temper or ill-manners, they have no necessary connection with them whatever. Discipline is one thing and courtesy is another; respect for the authority of a superior is something quite different from urbanity and mutual forbearance among equals; and these "scenes" are, in much the great majority of cases, the result of some open or covert attempt on the part of a certain confederacy in the House to bring its rules to nought. That such attempts should be systematically prosecuted may be, and is, a most lamentable fact. In so far as

they succeed they tend, of course, to impair the dignity of the House and detract from its public estimation, and, also, of course, to provoke those breaches of good manners which irregular behaviour and the irritation begotten by it are always apt to bring about. But it is mere confusion of ideas to treat the two subjects of Parliamentary order and Parliamentary manners as if, instead of being only accidentally connected, they were in fact identical. Their essential separability may be shown in a twofold way. It is quite possible, though of course not absolutely easy, to be unmannerly without being disorderly, and conversely, it is not only possible, but with a little practice and good- or rather ill-will, easy to be a systematic offender against rules of Parliamentary order while observing the most rigid respect for those of politeness. Indeed the latter combination is sometimes effected unintentionally and in the most perfect good faith. The leader of the Irish party, and the inventor of the "policy of exasperation," is not less uniformly courteous nor more habitually disorderly than the highly respected member for North Warwickshire. Mr. Newdegate is seldom on his legs for more than a few minutes without compelling the Speaker, by some irregularity of remark or reference, to assume the same attitude. Called to order, he bows with the profoundest respect to the ruling of the Chair, and proceeds solemnly to pursue the inhibited line of observation. Again called to order, he is again deferential and again disobedient; until at last, when the Speaker's patience is getting exhausted and his tones become graver and more severe, Mr. Newdegate, with the magnanimous air of one who would rather waive an undoubted right than bring himself into collision with wrong-headed authority, resumes his seat. Yet in all this Mr. Newdegate has sinned not against good manners nor attacked any one offensively. Nevertheless the incident will be duly honoured with leaded type in the

next day's newspaper report, and if it does not exactly receive the heading, it will undoubtedly in the cursory reader's mind be added to the list, of "Scenes in the House of Commons."

There is, perhaps, no other member so innocently irregular as Mr. Newdegate; but there are plenty of others as maliciously irregular as Mr. Parnell, and latterly, indeed, there have been many of his party much more so, since its leader has of late withdrawn himself in a great measure from the work of skirmishing, which he now leaves to his followers. Yet many of these display much of the tact of their chief in avoiding outward offence. It is sometimes said or hinted that the very presence of a party in the House of Commons pledged to abuse its rules, to the destruction of its credit, is in itself a sign of the deterioration of Parliamentary manners. But to talk in this fashion appears to me to be merely misusing language. Civil war operates as a necessary suspension of all the comities of peace, and it would be absurd to complain of its natural incidents in terms appropriate to mere offences against good taste. Rebels may be condemned as foolish or denounced as wicked, but we do not usually waste words in complaining of their want of courtesy towards the Government or the society they are seeking to subvert; and whatever Englishmen may think of the folly and wickedness of attacking the Act of Union through the reputation of the House of Commons, to complain of the demoralisation of Parliamentary manners which results from such action savours surely something too much of the superfine gentleman who irritated the wearied Hotspur. And the verbal excesses of the two or three Irish members (there are no more) who habitually indulge in them for purposes of provocation are open to the same qualifying remark. They are the incidents of a warfare waged by a party who are unwilling and constrained members of the House in which they sit, and whose conduct,

whatever else we may say of it, cannot reasonably be cited as typical or even in any sense fairly illustrative of the general behaviour of the assembly.

Has this behaviour really changed for the worse? Eliminate the two or three Irish Irreconcilables aforesaid, as the whole party would like us to eliminate them (on their own terms) from the House itself, and is it true that its standard of manners has declined? That the rules of courtesy which prevail among well-bred people in private life are frequently broken in the House of Commons is of course undeniable; but one would like to see the legislative assembly in which they are not. There is a tendency, it seems to me, to try our own assembly in this matter by tests which we should never think of applying to any other—the French Chamber for instance, or the American House of Representatives. It will not do to forget, what too many of its superfine critics too often fail to remember, that the House of Commons is only figuratively “the pleasantest club in London,” and must not be subjected to the same rigorous rules with regard to the mutual demeanour of its members as would be proper to apply to it if it were a club in fact instead of in figure. It is not a mere gathering of gentlemen met together for purposes of agreeable and refining social intercourse, but a body of, for the most part, busy and, indeed, overworked men assembled for the transaction, under all sorts of distracting and disturbing influences, of serious work, and, incidentally thereto, for the discussion of questions which, in proportion to the seriousness with which they are regarded and treated, excite the keenest dissensions that exist nowadays among civilised men. Such an assembly cannot be expected to conform its behaviour to the *jus et norma* of those who regard it from the point of view, not of the philosopher, who, though he does not share, can comprehend and allow for the excitements inseparable from the

life of action, but of the trifler, who is only scandalised, because he is a trifler, by the rubs and jostlings among which all the real work of the world must necessarily be done. It is essential, in short, that we should judge the manners of the House of Commons, not by reference to any ideal standard, prescribed, as it probably would be, by those who have the best right to a voice on such a question, but by appeal to its own past history and to contemporary evidence as to the estimation in which it was in former periods held. And the first results of such an appeal will certainly not be found too discouraging. The diaries of Greville and of Macaulay contain comfort for the most desponding: a score of passages in past records of the same character might be cited to prove that one of the maladies from which the House of Commons is now supposed to be suffering must kill its victims very slowly indeed. It is much more than a generation since the outside critic of men and manners in Parliament found that both the one and the other were going steadily from bad to worse. It is characteristic of the outside critic at all periods to find this; and nowadays when the outside critic has multiplied twenty-fold, and his means of utterance fifty-fold, it is inevitable that the popularisation of his discoveries should have increased a thousand-fold. People are not more strongly convinced in these days than they were in Greville's or in Macaulay's day that the House of Commons is going to the dogs; the only difference is that the number of people who have convinced themselves of it is somewhat larger, and the number of those among whom they have succeeded in propagating the same conviction upon insufficient evidence is very much larger indeed.

The way in which the opinion arises, and the process by which it is disseminated, is in each case, however, the same. The House is criticised either by those who have no practical know-

ledge of Parliamentary proceedings, and simply derive their notions of them from the sensation-mongery of newspaper reports, or by those political partisans who will always find the manners of the House degenerating whenever their adversaries are in power. Neither class of critics can survive the ordeal of a demand for chapter and verse. They are ready enough in the enumeration of scenes, but since any irregular proceedings go as a matter of course to swell the catalogue of scenes, and since irregularity—as has been pointed out—may be a totally distinct thing from ill-manners, this is obviously not enough. We must not only hear of the scenes; we ought to examine specimens of the dialogue; and here it is that the accuser invariably runs short of evidence. "Words of heat" have been as common in all conscience during the present Parliament as in any of those which have supplied precedent for Sir Thomas May, but (always with the two or three exceptions as aforesaid) the lapses into un-Parliamentary language will not on examination prove to have been any more frequent than, if so frequent as, they were wont to be in times of less political excitement than ours. This it may be said is a rough test to apply, and it must, of course, be admitted that the sieve of the Speaker's moderatory jurisdiction is not (and, perhaps, should not be) fine enough to catch all words or acts of discourtesy which yet are unbecoming to those who utter or commit them. But the test is a sound one so far as it goes, and if we are not to decide the point by numerical comparison of reproofs from the Chair, the burden surely lies upon those who allege the modern demoralisation of Parliamentary manners to support their case by a citation of such rude utterances as may have escaped the notice, or been beyond the disciplinary powers, of the Speaker. And it would go hard, I think, if any ordinarily careful student of *Hansard* could not match if not cap them, sally

for sally, out of his own *spicilegium* of Parliamentary amenities as gathered from the records of the last thirty or forty years.

It may be said, of course, that manners are not a mere question of language—at least of articulate language; and I have heard it complained that eminent members of the House of Commons—its most eminent member in particular—are no longer listened to with the same respect as was formerly shown to them. Was any English Prime Minister, it is sometimes asked, to say nothing of one so venerable for his age, genius, and public services as Mr. Gladstone, ever exposed to so much unmannerly interruption as he? And as most of those who ask the question are of opinion that there never has been an English Minister of genius and public services equal to Mr. Gladstone's, comparison is, of course, difficult. But one or two things may at least be said in correction of popular impressions on that matter. In the first place it must be remembered that distinguished Ministers have always had to reckon with their share of this treatment in exact proportion to the extent of their interposition in the less ceremonious kind of debate, and that no Prime Minister before Mr. Gladstone has ever interposed to anything like the same extent in debate of this order. The noble lord or right honourable gentleman at the head of the Government was in former days wont to reserve himself for full-dress discussions, when he was listened to with as much but not with more respect, and certainly in less profound silence than is Mr. Gladstone when he rises to address the House. In the mere matter of pertinacious questioning, the main novelty to be found, I think, is not in the character of the interrogations, or the spirit of the interrogators, but in the temperament of the interrogated. At any time within modern memory there have been men in Parliament who would have been only too glad to "draw" a Prime Minister if

he would allow himself to be drawn. Mr. Darby Griffith was perpetually but ineffectually attempting to draw Lord Palmerston, but Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli after him, usually succeeded in turning the laugh against their would-be persecutors. The extreme earnestness of mind which forbids Mr. Gladstone to resort to these tactics except on very rare occasions is, of course, one main source of his influence; and he must accept its disadvantages also. But even those very interruptions which so much scandalise the Prime Minister's admirers out of doors are not felt as nearly so shocking by his supporters in the House of Commons. They are very sensible that their leader usually gives the interrupters as good as they bring, and they naturally take a certain pride in the wonderful alertness and agility of intellect which he displays in meeting them. As to Mr. Gladstone himself, a great orator, who with all the orator's instincts yet notoriously prefers to spoil the best balanced period in the most important speech rather than pass unnoticed the most irrelevant of ejaculations from the most insignificant of ejaculators, may easily be too much pitted for his exposure to interruptions. The whole matter in short is one on which those whose impressions are gathered from newspaper reports, and remain uncorrected by consultation with eye-witnesses are likely to go much astray.

The maintenance by the House of Commons of its standard of intellectual ability is of course more difficult to prove. On that point, in view of the repeated failures of its legislative machinery, appearances are more strongly against it; and it will not be probably until after a more thorough reform of its system of procedure that one will be able to apportion the blame of these failures with any approach to exactitude between the workmen and their tools. But even at present it is possible to point out a prime fallacy in the method by which the intellectual degeneracy of

the existing House of Commons is usually sought to be demonstrated. Sometimes a comparison is drawn between the debates in the Lower House on some important subject of legislation and the discussion of the same subject in the House of Lords. At another time the evidence of the back volumes of *Hansard* is prayed in aid, and we are bidden to note to our shame with how much more force, brevity and pertinence motions of censure, and other such great matters, were wont to be discussed by the Commons of five-and-twenty or thirty years ago than by their successors of to-day. For my own part, I believe that the latter of the two comparisons is a far less formidable one for the present House of Commons to have to meet than the former; but both, in so far at least as they pretend to effect an admeasurement of the average intellectual ability of the Lower and the Upper House, or the present House of Commons and past ones, are, it appears to me, equally fallacious. For what is meant by the average intellectual ability, as evidenced in their powers of speech, of any assembly of men—be it a Parliament of Englishmen or a council of Red Indians—and how is it to be ascertained? Surely in the same way as any other average—namely, by ascertaining the speech-making power, and to that extent the intellectual capacity, of each individual member, and after determining upon some quantitative expression of it, proceeding to divide the sum of the individual values by the number of the individuals. To apply any such process in actual fact to the two Houses of Parliament would of course be impracticable; and even if not, the experiment would be one of too terrible a nature to attempt; but it must be at least stipulated that if the comparison is not founded upon an exhaustive ascertainment of individual capacities, the number of individuals selected from each House should for comparison be equal. This condition, however, it will at once occur to every

one, is altogether set at nought in the comparison between the House of Commons and the House of Lords, and in a material, though not an equal, degree in the comparison between the present House of Commons and its predecessors. In other words, to confine myself for a moment to the former comparison, an assembly in which, partly by consent and partly by constraint, the speaking is confined to a score or so of picked speakers, is compared with an assembly in which practically anybody may and does speak who chooses, and in which the number of those who do choose is perhaps five or six times as large as that of those who are permitted to display their oratorical powers in the former case. To expect the latter assembly to cut as good a figure in the matter of "public form" is, under the circumstances, manifestly unfair.

It is easy indeed in all ways to understand how the belief in the great superiority of the Upper to the Lower House considered as debating bodies—a belief which, if twenty or five-and-twenty men could be deemed to constitute a sufficient Chamber of Legislature, would be a true one—has naturally developed itself out of the difference between their respective modes of doing business. The very atmosphere of the Upper House contrasts favourably with that of the Lower. There is more of at least the appearance of deliberation in their lordships' bearing, and when the gravity of the matter in hand is such as to regularise a little that somewhat excessive informality of procedure which has caused the House to be not inaptly described on one of its ordinary nights as a "dignified free-and-easy," there is altogether more of the judicial and less of the polemical air about the whole scene. The Peers seem, as of course they should seem, to be sitting as a Court of Appeal to review the decisions of the Lower House, and it is only fair to that House to add that the Peers enjoy all the advan-

tages of appellate judges in having the arguments, judgment, and *ratio decidendi* fully before them from the Court below. The quietude of the place, moreover, tends greatly to sustain the illusion. If a Queen's Counsel's clerk were to fall asleep during the hearing of an appeal case and not to wake till the House had converted itself from a tribunal into a senate, he might easily believe that the subdued tones sounding in his ear were still those of his learned master calmly and persuasively inviting a silent quartette of law lords to reverse a judgment of the intermediate Court of Appeal. Very different of course would have been his sensations if he could have been transported during his slumbers across the Central Lobby, deposited under the gallery of the House of Commons in the middle of a great debate, and there awakened. No one could mistake that for the interior of a court of justice, even though Mr. Bradlaugh should but recently have been heard in support of his claims at its Bar. Its atmosphere, doubtless, is full of inspiration for the orator, and the stormy cheers which are tossed from side to side of the House when some great speaker is addressing it can kindle a fire of eloquence which would find it difficult indeed to sustain itself in the Upper Chamber. But a skilful debater among the Peers has his own great advantages also. The very equable, if low, temperature of his audience in itself becomes a source of strength. He knows that he cannot rouse them, but he knows also that there is less chance of his boring them, or at any rate of their resenting it if he does. And these are just the kind of hearers who render a speaker independent of all merely popular topics of discourse and encourage him to venture upon a broader, a more statesmanlike, one may even say a more philosophical, treatment of the political questions with which he has to deal. No wonder, therefore, that the speeches of certain eminent peers read

excellently well in the newspaper reports of the following day, and that their readers, wearied to death probably by days or weeks of speech-making on the same subject in the House of Commons—speech-making of which, as often happens, the memory perversely persists in retaining only the poorest specimens—should contrast the oratory of the Lower House too unfavourably for justice with that of the Upper. Too unfavourably, I mean, if the two Houses are to be taken in the lump; for how many, after all, are the usual performers among the Peers? Three or four Ministers on one side, three or four ex-Ministers on the other, here and there a high-and-dry Ministerialist like the Duke of Argyll, a stray bishop or two, a rising young Liberal peer like Lord Rosebery, a ditto ditto Conservative like Lord Dunraven, and that is all. Rising talent is, if not extremely scarce in the Upper House, at any rate repressed with extreme rigour. It is not encouraged for the best of all reasons, namely, that too great a supply of it would affect the traditional arrangements with regard to the dinner hour.

It may be said, perhaps, that it makes no difference whether the standard of ability in the House of Commons is naturally low, or whether it is artificially lowered by the undue obtrusion of ambitious mediocrity, and that if it be really the fact that a dozen men now aim at political distinction for one who did so formerly, a House which cannot, or will not, do its own "selection" and its own repression has for practical purposes degenerated. But this it seems to me is a mistaken view. It is very material to the question of remedy whether this, like other shortcomings of the House, is due to faults of system or faults of composition. We want to know whether the inefficiency is absolute, or whether and to what extent it is relative; whether, in other words, it is to be compared to the

inefficiency of the hundred horsepower engine with its valves leaking, or to the inefficiency of the fifty horsepower engine set to do the work of a hundred horses. It would be a gain of no slight importance to be able to satisfy one's self that the failure of the House of Commons to accomplish the task which it sets itself is wholly, or almost wholly, due to the latter cause—that the machine is for all reasonable purposes as effective as ever, but that the weight of material which it is nowadays called upon to deal with has simply accumulated in hopeless excess of its mechanical power. For, while absolute inefficiency caused by internal derangement of machinery may or may not be remediable, we can and must remedy relative inefficiency by readjusting work to strength. The most comfortable conclusion is not always the safest, but it is in this case, I think, the one which those who know the House of Commons best will be the readiest to adopt. There is an amount of administrative capacity, debating ability, and general political intelligence devoted daily and nightly in the form of real hard work to the business of the country, which would suffice for the accomplishment of all that any Legislature of mortal men should attempt. And yet I venture to affirm, that even if all the time that is now actually wasted—much less in reality than is imagined—on frivolous interrogatories, Irish rows, unnecessary and unnecessarily prolonged debates, were saved, it would not suffice, nor nearly suffice, for the consideration of all our urgent matters of domestic policy, cumulated as they are by the unending stream of foreign and colonial questions which the telegraph brings thronging daily to the doors of the House. The remedy—devolution on a larger scale—is obvious. How long will it be before we apply it?

H. D. T.

BORROUGHDALÉ OF BORROUGHDALÉ.

"For every man hath a talent if he do but find it."—JOHN LOCKE.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Lord Borroughdale of Borroughdale in the peerage of Great Britain first went to Christ Church he speedily acquired the reputation of being about the dullest and the most ill-informed young man in the entire university.

Lord Borroughdale belonged to that fortunate class who are sometimes rather vulgarly described as being "their own fathers," a circumstance all the more odd in this case, seeing that this young man's father was still alive and flourishing. His mother, Lady Borroughdale, however, who had been a very great heiress and the last of a long line of north-country magnates, was dead, and her son had succeeded to all her possessions.

Although the Borroughdales had always been great people, not one of them had ever been in the very least distinguished for beauty, wit, accomplishments, or graces of any sort or kind. They had lived amongst grace, wit, beauty, all their lives, yet none of those desirable qualities had ever, somehow, adhered to any one of them. Helena, Marchioness of Borroughdale in her own right, had been by no means an exception to this rule. When, at the age of twenty-four, she came into all her immense possession, she was a round-faced, rather dumpy young lady, looking a great deal older than she really was, with an unfortunately muddy complexion, a pair of nice mild grey eyes, and two comically fat little hands, which wagged about when she spoke, and at other times stuck straight from her person, more like objects unskilfully modelled in very pink wax than ordinary pieces of flesh and blood.

Of course so great a matrimonial prize would have been in no lack of suitors had her hands or her complexion been even ten times as unsatisfactory as they were; indeed, had she been of an irresolute turn of mind she might have been fairly puzzled by the number, variety, and persistency of these aspirants. Fortunately, whatever number of other talents they may have missed, the Borroughdales have always had that superlative one of very distinctly knowing their own minds. Long before she attained her majority, therefore, Lady Borroughdale had clearly settled whom she meant to marry; nor was it very long before she proceeded to carry that determination into effect.

The fortunate individual upon whom that choice fell was a remote cousin of her own upon the mother's side—well born, poor, clever, ambitious. Mr. Cosby Vansittart had already aspired to sit in parliament, although his hopes in that direction had up to that time never been crowned with success. After his marriage—an event which took place the same year that Lady Borroughdale attained full control over her own property—he quickly, however, accomplished this end, and from that time forward always had a seat in parliament, and even several times held office, though never any quite equal to what his own abilities and the large amount of territorial influence he was able to wield entitled him, he felt, to expect.

Poor Lady Borroughdale only survived this marriage about three years, so that, in addition to the regular income, her successor had the advantage of a long minority, which was assiduously watched over and nursed by his father. Mr. Vansittart could not but feel severely mortified at times by the

clownish figure cut by his only son. Without undue vanity he might have been pardoned if he expected the wit and graces of the Vansittarts might in some degree overpower or modify the surly strength of the Boroughdales. This, however, was not the case. In character, appearance, and intelligence, or lack of that quality, Lord Boroughdale exactly reproduced his maternal ancestors; indeed there were not wanting people ready to declare that he was stupider and clumsier than all the rest of them put together.

He was a big, shaggy, thick-set young man, not as tall as he ought, no doubt, to have been for the breadth of his shoulders, with a pair of honest, clear grey eyes, a large mouth, a clumsy nose, strong chin, and a forehead that would have seemed better but for the hair which hung over it in a dense brown thatch. His hands, too, were excessively large and red, a circumstance which would have mattered little, no doubt, but that he seemed incapable of forgetting it himself for an instant, the violent contortions which he made to conceal those unlucky members having naturally the effect of attracting all eyes and attention to them.

Oddly enough, the companion whom this uncouth young nobleman selected out of the entire university to be his special friend and crony was in all respects the very antipodes to himself. Granville Farquart, at twenty-three, might almost have posed as a model for the young Antinous. His hair, his nose, his figure, his hands and his feet, all alike were perfection, or as near perfection as it is given to mere mortal man to hope to attain. He was not one of those Adonises, however, who rest contentedly upon their merely physical advantages; on the contrary, his mental qualifications were, in many respects, even more exceptional still. He had come up to the university with a considerable reputation for scholarship, which, however, he had not, it must be said,

as yet set himself strenuously to maintain. The career and prestige of a college don, he sometimes owned to his intimates, was not one which he himself at all seriously ambitioned.

When he looked forward at life it often, indeed, seemed to Farquart that to excel in many directions was almost as bad as to excel in none. A strong musical capacity, for instance! Of what use, save amusement, was that to a man who would never dream, of course, of taking up anything of the sort as a vocation? Painting, it is true, was more feasible; but even there there were drawbacks, and he was not at all clear that even its undoubted prizes and immunities quite made up for them. At present, at any rate, he was merely keeping his hand in in this direction by sketches and studies which might or might not come in handily hereafter. Literature? Well yes; there, he owned, he did more seriously incline; indeed at that very moment he was the main support of more than one of those ephemeral periodicals which burst into brief life at Oxford, and then disappear to make way for other and equally evanescent growths. Over and above all these various acquirements and accomplishments, Farquart's greatest talent still, however, remains unmentioned. This was his extraordinary gift for sociability, by which I do not merely mean that he was a brilliant or an ornamental member of society, but that wherever he was, there, as if by magic, society began to exist. It had been said of him by an admirer that he could make a companion out of a garden rake, and certainly no amount of stupidity, no amount even of taciturnity upon the part of others, seemed to produce any perceptible effect in paralysing or even diminishing this delightful gift.

It was this quality of his that so greatly endeared him to young Boroughdale. Unlike most dullards, that poor youth was perfectly, even painfully, conscious of his own thick-wittedness. It weighed upon him to

the full as much, indeed, as it could possibly weigh upon those who bore him company; lying a dead weight upon his mind and spirits, even when he was absolutely alone.

It was only in Farquart's company that the hereditary load seemed lifted for a minute. Not that even then he aspired to be a sharer of such good things as were afoot. The mere consciousness of being upon a footing of intimacy with such a prodigy of wit, of accomplishments, of social dexterity, was enough. It raised him immensely in his own estimation. He could sit and listen to Farquart's music, watch him painting, hear him discourse by the hour; his own sluggish temperament seeming thereby to be lifted into a more comfortable and less opaque atmosphere than that which it was its misfortune usually to inhabit.

Of course there were plenty of people ready to aver that Farquart toadied young Boroughdale, and made up to him for his great possessions. No accusation, however, could be further from the mark. If either of the two men toadied the other it was Boroughdale that toadied Farquart, not Farquart Boroughdale. Not only did the poor fellow seek out his friend upon every possible occasion, but he was never tired of bragging about his intimacy with him to others. He swaggered about Farquart—the artist, the musician, the man of letters—to every comer. To such a degree indeed was this the case that it was seriously computed by some one who once spent a week in the house with him, that out of eleven occasions upon which the Marquis of Boroughdale had been known to open his mouth, no less than ten of them had been in order to make some observation about Granville Farquart!

On the other hand the latter was apt to adopt a rather apologetic tone in speaking of his friend, and of the intimacy that had sprung up between them. "Poor old Boroughdale! Well, yes, he is a bit of a lout certainly, but

then *such* a good-hearted creature," he would say to those who insinuated that it was hardly that young man's personal qualities which had procured him the privilege of his friendship.

This friendship of theirs had lasted for over two years, before Farquart had had occasion to pay Boroughdale a visit in his own maternal castle of Boroughdale, in the north of Fells-shire. It was not for want of asking, but somehow other things had always hitherto come in the way; indeed Lord Boroughdale himself spent quite as little time in those ancestral dominions of his as could with any decency be achieved, the amenities and civilities of life which it was so necessary to exercise there being but little, it must be owned, to his taste. To Farquart, on the other hand, when at last the long-talked of visit did come off, the whole thing was a new experience, and he made a point of enjoying it to the uttermost. He even began to look at Boroughdale himself with new eyes, surveying him against this large and picturesque, if somewhat antiquated background, the merits of which he now, for the first time, he felt, appreciated. Of money by itself he thought lightly, but some, if not the greater part of these things, are not so very easily procurable by money alone, even in these enlightened days. When, therefore, he had heard the wheels of their carriage rattle across the drawbridge which still united the castle to the outward world; when he had been ushered by his friend into a stone entrance hall as large as a moderate-sized cathedral, and through it into a blue satin room with Gainsboroughs, a red one with tapestry, along a passage beset with sulky-looking ancestors in panels, and had finally found himself lodged in a turreted bedroom, with windows commanding a green league or so of deer park, dark under rippling bracken, and stately with immemorial oaks, elms, and chestnuts—seeing and appreciating all these things as he so thoroughly could, Farquart, as he unpacked his port-

manteau, owned to himself with a philosophic shrug of the shoulders that the last word upon primogeniture had hardly—in England at any rate—as yet been uttered.

Mr. Cosby Vansittart was not at Boroughdale Castle when the two friends first arrived, but he made a point of appearing there a few days later, and assisting his son to do the honours of his house. The situation, as may be conceived, had its awkward side, but Mr. Vansittart was eminently well-fitted, fortunately, to meet and brush aside any such slight awkwardnesses as fast as they appeared. He was a small, dark, rather foreign-looking man, particularly, even strikingly well-dressed, with an air of distinction partly natural, partly acquired, which was also rather that of a well-bred foreigner than of an Englishman. He and Farquart had never, as it happened, met before, but they at once took to one another, the elder man losing no time indeed in expatiating upon his satisfaction at the eminently sound judgment displayed by his son in the matter of friendship.

There was to be a regular influx of guests, the latter learnt, in a few days' time, over whose coming Boroughdale groaned pitiously, but which his father assured him was absolutely essential if the ancient character of the house for hospitality was to be in any degree maintained.

One of these expected guests was the Dowager Lady Southend, well-known by name, at all events, to all admirers of beauty, particularly those whose own climacteric lies some twenty or perhaps twenty-five years nearer to the beginning of the century. Lady Southend was to be accompanied by her daughter, Lady Venetia Foljambe, a young lady whom Farquart felt some little curiosity to see, rumours of an intended alliance between her and his friend having somehow floated to his ears, indeed he had not been many days at the castle before Mr. Vansittart found an opportunity of speaking

to him, not, it is true, directly upon the subject, but upon what appeared to bear not remotely upon it, choosing for that purpose a moment when they happened to be alone in the smoking room, and prefacing his remarks by a few general observations upon his own son's character and disposition.

"He is as good, as the French say, as good bread, that I need hardly tell *you*, and has never given me a moment's serious anxiety in his life," he concluded emphatically. "At the same time, I don't mind telling you in private, my dear Farquart, that it would be a comfort, a great comfort, I may say for me to see him safely settled," he added in a tone of confidence.

"Do you mean married?" Farquart said, inquiringly.

"Yes, married. Many men—most men, I suppose, in my position—would prefer to keep their son from forming new ties, and therefore more in their own hands, but that is not at all my feeling. I have studied Boroughdale's character carefully, and I am convinced, perfectly convinced, that he is made for domesticity."

Mr. Vansittart shook some of the ashes of his cigar into a small gilt dish at his elbow, and glanced quickly and half-inquiringly at his son's guest.

"Isn't he rather young to begin at that sort of thing already?" Farquart said, doubtfully, puzzled, to tell the truth, as to what line he was to take up in the discussion.

"Young? Of course, yes, he is young, but what then? What else is he to do? Just think over the situation for yourself. You can't well put a man of Boroughdale's position into a profession, can you? And if you could it would only be into the army; and supposing he were to pass his examination, which I own I imagine myself to be more than doubtful, there is nothing well open for him but the Life Guards, and I don't think, between ourselves, that Boroughdale is exactly the cut of a Life Guardsman."

Farquart didn't think so either, so nodded his head silently in token of acquiescence.

"On the other hand," continued Mr. Vansittart; "he can't very well go on living here all alone. I have my own little property in Lincolnshire to look after, not to speak of my office, which naturally at present takes up the greater part of my time. Of course if he could always have a man like yourself, my dear Farquart, at his elbow, the thing would be simplified, but I know, we all know, how impossible it is to expect *that*, and I own I have a dread, a perfect nervous horror of his falling into the wrong hands."

"I shouldn't say there was much danger of anything of that sort," Farquart replied, thoughtfully. "Boroughdale mayn't be what you call clever, but he is about the least of a fool of any man I ever met."

"Quite so—quite so; I readily admit all that; still you, who know him so well, don't need to be told how oddly immovable he is in his own quiet way, and if he were once to take the bit into his teeth, no power of mine would have the smallest effect. Indeed, of power, real practical power, I have, as you are doubtless aware, absolutely not a single fraction. The fact is," Mr. Vansittart continued, a minute later, with a smile, "our whole relative position is such a particularly odd one, that it obliges me to look at the matter rather from the mother's point of view than the father's, and I am sure you will admit that any prudent mother under the circumstances would pine to see Boroughdale safely married?"

"I suppose so," Farquart answered, smiling too, but wondering rather, at the same time, in the depths of his soul, why all this confidence had been bestowed upon him, and whether there was or was not any part he was expected to play in the matter. "Everything depends, I suppose, upon whom he *does* marry!" he said, tentatively.

Mr. Vansittart opened his lips as if to reply, but closed them again before

any sound had been emitted, and almost at the same instant Boroughdale entered the room, and the conversation was necessarily suspended.

A few days afterwards Lady Venetia Foljambe and her mother duly arrived. The latter was unquestionably a magnificent looking woman still, and had evidently once been a superbly beautiful one. Lady Venetia, on the other hand, was not in the least magnificent nor yet particularly beautiful either. She was simply a bright, healthy-looking blonde, with a preternaturally small waist, and a laugh which rang like a bugle-call through every vault and turret of the castle. Farquart himself was charmed with her, and thought her delightful; Boroughdale, on the contrary, took no pains to conceal the very small amount of pleasure which this renewal of the acquaintance gave him, indeed his own moody and resolute taciturnity never seemed to come into stronger relief than when brought into forcible contrast with the airy volubility and sylph-like grace of this young lady. Although there were a good many other ladies staying at the castle, Lady Venetia, as it happened, was the only unmarried one, consequently his avoidance of her society became after a while sufficiently marked for Farquart laughingly to take him to task for it, averring that he was really not worthy of the privilege of playing host to such a delightfully agreeable and amusing being.

"She is the silliest girl I ever met in my life!" was all the response he elicited from Lord Boroughdale.

"Silly, my dear fellow? Excuse me, she is nothing of the sort. What would you have her do? Would you like her any better if she were to discourse upon Greek roots or Latin iam-bics at the breakfast-table? If there is one thing more detestable than another it is a woman who loves displaying her learning, or rather, in nine cases out of ten, her ignorance, and obliging one to prevaricate like a Jesuit in order to conceal one's own consciousness of the fact."

"That may be all very fine for you, Farquart, who are clever enough yourself for six, but I like a woman who talks sense. Nothing makes me feel such a born idiot as a girl who insists upon giggling and jabbering away, and throwing her hands and eyes about as if she thought she was upon the stage, and—er—wanted to try and persuade me that I was upon it too."

"Well and so we all are upon the stage, if it comes to that," Farquart said with a laugh.

"I'm not then, and I'm not going to pretend that I am either," the owner of Boroughdale responded sturdily. "Why the deuce *can't* they leave a fellow alone," he added with a growl of annoyance, which was not, Farquart suspected, exclusively directed against Lady Venetia.

In short, the visit of that young lady and her mother was hardly, from a practical point of view at least, to be called a success, and perhaps in consequence of that fact, they soon afterwards withdrew to scenes where their varied but combined attractions were more likely to produce their wonted effect. Mr. Vansittart was far too astute a man to allow his discomfiture—if he felt any—to appear upon the surface. Circumstances, however, obliged him also not very long afterwards to depart, and his doing so was the signal for the dispersal of the rest of the guests, so that our two young men again found themselves left *tête-à-tête* to pursue their own devices.

They remained where they were for about another fortnight, when Farquart started for Scotland to pay some visits, promising to return to Boroughdale Castle on his way south. This, however he failed to do, his visits northwards prolonging themselves considerably beyond their original limits, and by the time he was again passing through Fellshire Lord Boroughdale had gone elsewhere, so that they did not meet again until they found themselves once more together at Oxford.

This was to be Farquart's last term

there, he having come to the university a full year before his friend. Boroughdale, however, speedily announced his own intention of leaving at the same time. As for his degree, he knew that there wasn't the remotest chance, he declared, of his taking it, and he was sick to death of the whole concern, both the place and the people. Farquart, as in friendship he felt bound, urged the unadvisability of so speedily, not to say ignominiously, cutting short his scholastic career; but Boroughdale as usual was immovable, and not many weeks after the close of the term the two friends found themselves settled within moderately easy reach of one another in London.

Farquart—who had a talent for house decoration as for most other things—was not long ensconcing himself in a delightfully irregular set of rooms not far from the river, let at a moderate rental and eminently available for artistic purposes. He did not call his principal sitting-room there a studio, but it was one to all practical intents, and few studios were more assiduously supplied with every imaginable appliance, sentimental no less than essential, for the production of works of art. Under these favouring conditions he at once embarked upon several pictures, for one of which, a considerable historical canvas, he requested Boroughdale to sit to him in the character of a wounded Goth. Of these achievements, however, he himself spoke lightly, declaring that he was far from having made up his mind to embark definitely and irrevocably upon the field of art, inclining rather to look upon it as an occasional *divertissement*, and letters as the real prop and stay of his future steps. Meanwhile he did, he owned, intend sending in his present efforts to the next opening of the Academy, which done, he should then, as elsewhere, placidly await the decisive and all-compelling finger-touch of destiny.

Though far from a rich man, he possessed a comfortable bachelor's income of his own—some six or

seven hundred a year—which made this confiding trust in the cruel or kindly hazards of inspiration a less adventurous one than it otherwise might have been. Besides, was he not still rich, be it remembered, in all the first fresh glow of unimpaired self-belief, which so far had never known the chilling touch of failure?

Lord Boroughdale spent quite as much time in his friend's studio as he had scarcely spent in his rooms at Oxford. He was not a whit more conversationable either than before, and hardly a whit less consciously and curiously uncouth, so that, except for such imaginary halo as his name and the rumoured vastness of his possessions might be supposed to confer, he could scarcely in fairness be said to form any part of its more ornamental or picturesque adjuncts. Mr. Vansittart also paid it several visits, and whenever he found Farquart alone he invariably brought the conversation round to his son, urging the former to use his very utmost influence to induce him to take up his proper place in society, and refrain from so cruelly and so wantonly abusing those gifts a too kind Providence had heedlessly confided to him. His own influence, he admitted with a sigh, went for little or nothing, but surely the opinion of a man of Boroughdale's own age, so brilliant, popular, clear-sighted, must, he politely urged, have *some* little weight with that strangely abnormal and misguided being? Farquart promised to do his best, and as a matter of fact did it. Over and over again he tried to induce Boroughdale to accompany him to some ball or other scene of festivity, always however without success. He had been to things of that sort *before*, that young man invariably declared, and he didn't care to go to any of them again. He knew nobody, and didn't want to know anybody; he couldn't dance, and he hated being jabbered at and having eyes made at him for nothing.

At this point Farquart generally burst out laughing.

"Upon my word you are a nice unreasonable fellow!" he would say. "When a man has the misfortune to possess some eighty thousand a year of his own and two or three deer parks he really must expect to have to put up with a little of that sort of thing!"

"Very likely, but I tell you I don't choose to put up with it. Why should they make eyes at me I should like to know? You won't pretend that they care for me, and they don't, I suppose, expect me to hand them any of those—er—deer parks you talk of then and there out of my waistcoat pocket, do they?"

The end of it was that Boroughdale of course went his own way, which really after all was not such a *very* reprehensible way so far as any body knew. He loafed a good deal about the streets, and in and out of exhibitions and museums, his shoulders always very rounded, and his hands plunged very deep down at the bottoms of his pockets. He had a big, ugly house of his own in Portman Square, the lease of which had just expired, and in the base of which he established himself with a couple of servants, a black retriever dog, and a great many disgracefully unaristocratic-looking pipes. Farquart offered to do it all up for him, and turn it into a perfect miracle of beauty if he would let him, but this Boroughdale peremptorily declined. He hated pretty houses, he said—at least he hated them to live in, he didn't so much mind looking at them when they belonged to other people!

Poor Mr. Vansittart! Certainly there was a man much to be pitied. What *was* to be done with so impossible a son? If Boroughdale had only gambled, or kept race-horses, or worse things even, why still there would have been always *something* to be said about him. He could have been put into a category—he could have been talked of as wild, fast, sporting—anything. But how upon earth was a gentleman—a member too of her

majesty's government—to account to his friends and society at large for a son who was known to be grown up; who was perfectly in his right mind, and capable of transacting his own business; who was possessed of an ancient title, and of one of the seven or eight most magnificently historical houses of England, but whom nobody knew; whom nobody ever saw; who hadn't a friend in the whole of London except a clever but rather obscurely connected young man called Farquart, and who spent the greater part of his time prowling about the streets in an old tweed shooting-coat?

This disastrous and highly demoralising state of things had gone on for some considerable time, when late one afternoon in April Lord Boroughdale came lounging as usual into his friend's rooms with a big stick in his hands, expecting at that hour to catch him alone. He was mistaken however. Two ladies were there, to whom the painter was at that moment displaying some of his latest pictorial triumphs. One of these ladies presented the appearance of a short, stout, motherly, rather neutral-faced person of fifty, or thereabouts, wearing a black bonnet and skirt, and a cloak or cape which displayed a good deal of gimp embroidery of the fashion of the year before last. The other lady was in black also, but tall, and slight, and young, or apparently young, for on this latter point Boroughdale at first was not absolutely certain. Hearing the door open Farquart turned rapidly round, and as rapidly introduced the two ladies as Mrs. and Miss Holland; which ceremony completed, the Marquis of Boroughdale shuffled hastily away to a rocking-chair which stood in an inner recess, upsetting two other chairs as he did so, in his haste to escape from publicity.

Farquart laughed, picked up the two chairs, and calmly continued his lecture. Left to himself Lord Boroughdale also regained equanimity, and applied himself dutifully to listen, though most of it, it must be owned,

he had heard a good many times before. The name Holland, did not at first convey to him any idea in particular, but chancing presently to hear Farquart address the younger lady by her Christian name as—“Katherine just look at this a moment will you?”—he suddenly remembered that, though he had never actually seen her before, he had heard a good deal from time to time about this Miss Katherine Holland. She was a cousin of Farquart's he knew, and was considered immensely clever in some learned way or other, and he rather believed she had come into a lot of money. He had an idea too, he hardly knew why, that Farquart intended, or had intended, some time or other to marry her, though, whether he had actually acquired it from himself or had merely picked it up from others was more than he could distinctly recall.

These combined sources of interest caused him to look at the young lady with more attention than he generally bestowed upon her chattering sex.

Certainly Miss Holland did not appear to be the least in the world of a chatterer. She accorded her cousin's disquisitions all the respect of a nearly absolute silence, throwing in an occasional “Yes,” or “Ah, I see,” as a token merely of attention or acquiescence. At first the various objects about the room interfered somewhat with his view of her, but as the party approached his retreat he perceived that she was both unusually pale, and that the blackness of her hair and eyelashes no less than of her dress enhanced this natural pallor. Her figure was remarkably fine, but at first sight her face seemed wanting in the charm of animation, the mouth especially wearing that concentrated, slightly down-drooping set, which we see in those whose youth has been a joyless one, or who have lived for years under the pressure of some wearing calamity.

The tour of inspection finished, the visitors were preparing to take their leave when Farquart, who since his

first entrance had not again addressed Boroughdale, suddenly turned round to him—

"Oh, by the way, Boroughdale, *you* can clear up that point for us," he said. "My cousin asked me just before you came in where that picture of Romney's of the two girls in red velvet, one of them playing upon the tambourine, that was shown last year at Burlington House came from, and I said I thought it was from Boroughdale. Wasn't I right?"

But the young man addressed, whose thoughts had travelled some way from the subject of art, was too much taken aback at first to answer very coherently.

"Romney's? Er—yes, I think there are some Romneys there," he said vaguely, "or are they Gainsboroughs? I'm not really very sure."

"Of course, my dear fellow there are any amount of Gainsboroughs and Romneys too for that matter!" Farquart said with some impatience, "but this is a particular picture. You see the engraving of it in all the print shops. One of the girls became Duchess of Twickenham afterwards, or of Featheringdale, I'm not sure which. Why, if I'm not very much mistaken, they were both of them your own maternal great-aunts, so you can't really possibly forget."

"I do then, whether I can or I can't," Lord Boroughdale replied with his usual stolidity. "Are you an artist too, Miss Holland?" he added turning with sudden audacity to that young lady, who with her chaperon was waiting near the door for the close of the discussion.

"No, I'm sorry to say I am not," she answered. "I am particularly good at appreciating other people's pictures, though, I think," she added glancing round the room again with a smile.

"Yes, Farquart is a tremendous swell, isn't he?" Boroughdale said emphatically, and he thoroughly believed what he said.

After his two visitors were gone,

the above-named brilliant young man still showed symptoms of that irritation he had just evinced.

"Why upon earth couldn't you remember about that picture, Boroughdale?" he said in a tone of vexation. "What is the use of a man possessing pictures enough to set up half a dozen ordinary collections if, after all, he doesn't really know whether he has got them or not?"

"Well, my dear Farquart, if I don't remember, I don't, so there's no use in abusing a fellow about it. Besides I don't believe that there is anything of the sort at Boroughdale."

"Well, then, why not have said so at once, and have done with it. It makes one look as if one was—"

"Makes you look as if you were what?"

"Oh, nothing. No matter. Only a man has no right to possess such things if he can't even give himself the trouble to remember their existence. It tempts one to side with the democrats, and say that they ought to be all forcibly made over to the nation," Farquart added; this time, however, more placably, and he turned away to replace some canvases which had been pulled out of their places during the recent exhibition.

"Miss Holland isn't delicate, is she?" Boroughdale suddenly inquired.

"Katherine? I think not, I never heard of her having any illness, and I should have been almost certain to hear of it if she had. She always looked pale."

"She looks—I don't know what—worried too."

"Yes, no wonder. She's had a wretched life of it poor girl, what with first one person and then another. Money troubles too which I suspect plough deeper lines in one than anything else."

"I thought you told me she was well off?"

"So she is now—not what a fellow like you calls well off, but what she does, and I do too for that matter. She has about twenty thousand pounds

of her own. Unluckily it only came to her comparatively lately; too late, she considers, to be of any use. Her mother made the most wretched marriage, married a surveyor, who not content with finding next to nothing to do, had a private lung complaint which carried him off about four years afterwards, leaving her in the utmost straits, though she was always too proud to let herself be helped by her relations. Then she lost a daughter, the only other child, and after struggling on for years in more or less misery, she died herself some five or six years ago, miserable of course at leaving Katherine without a penny in the world; and, six months after, this wretched money dropped in from a cousin of the father's who had settled himself years ago in Australia, and who had never written, and whose very existence they had almost left off believing in!"

"So now she is comfortable?"

"Well, that depends. I should rather myself say *not*. She lives now with an uncle—a brother of her father—a very decent sort of man in his way, and rather distinguished, I'm told, in the scientific world, but as poor as Job. He is believed, or believes himself, to be going blind too, and the consequence is that Katherine is always slaving away over his bottled beasts and concoctions of various sorts, and poring for hours at a time over the microscope, until she'll make herself blind too, I tell her, if she doesn't take care."

"That would be a pity. She has very fine eyes," Boroughdale said, reflectively.

Farquart laughed.

"That's the first time I ever heard you pay a woman a compliment in my life," he declared.

To this Boroughdale made no reply. He had relapsed into his usual air of taciturnity, and sat nursing one of his big knees, and occasionally cracking his finger joints as he had a graceful fashion of doing when he happened to be thinking of anything in particular.

Farquart meanwhile had discovered something that was amiss in one of the canvases he was putting away, so had got out a paint brush, and was administering gentle corrective touches with the point of it to the offending spot, stepping backwards from time to time as he did so in order to judge of the effect.

"If you were to marry Miss Holland, she—er—might begin to enjoy herself you know," Boroughdale presently said in a tone of profound reflection. Then, after a minute's pause, "Why don't you?" he added.

Farquart laughed and shook his head. "Perhaps because she has never asked me," he answered.

"You might ask her, though."

The other shook his head again and went to a shelf to look for a larger paint brush.

"You like her, don't you?" Boroughdale continued rather in a tone of admonition.

"Like her? Oh, dear yes. I like her very much; few people better, as far as that goes; but that is hardly reason enough for marrying her."

"Why not?"

Farquart laughed again, this time however with some irritation.

"What a queer fellow you are, Boroughdale," he said. "Why upon earth should you suddenly want to persecute me into marrying Katherine Holland? You can go and marry her yourself if it comes to that."

"I dare say I shouldn't so much mind," the other responded sturdily. "Only she doesn't care about me, you see," he went on, "and possibly she does about you."

Farquart, who had emitted a sudden whistle of immeasurable astonishment at the first remark, smiled with a certain air of fatuity at the second.

"All very fine, my dear fellow; but it can't be done," he said. "It would be out of the question—simply out of the question for me to marry now. It would be the ruin of me."

"Not when she has money of her own."

"Yes it would, all the same. The fact is, domesticity makes such desperate inroads upon a man. It cuts his pinions to the very quick, and I can't afford to have mine cut just yet a bit. Eight or nine years hence it might answer well enough; but not now."

"Eight or nine years hence wouldn't answer particularly well for Miss Holland, though," Lord Boroughdale replied decisively, with which remark he picked up his big stick and collected himself gradually together to depart.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days later, sitting again in the same place, he suddenly looked up, after a prolonged interval of silence, and inquired whether Farquart had returned his cousin's visit.

Farquart, who was painting, turned round, laughed, stared a little, and said no, he had not. All his friends knew, he declared, that he hadn't time to run about dropping those ridiculous bits of oblong paper, so didn't look for it. As for his cousin Katherine, it was useless going to see her, for there was only one sitting-room in the house she lived in, and the old woman, her aunt, was always sitting there too. Besides, poor Katherine was so immersed in her microscopic preparations and rubbish of various sorts that one could only get a word in edgeways with her, and a visit reduced itself to discussing the *Days-water Chronicle* with Mrs. Holland, who, as Boroughdale must have observed, had hardly an idea in her head, and was the most tedious old woman in the universe into the bargain.

To this explanation the latter responded with that large and massive silence of his which filled up so many of the vacant pauses of his life. Possibly there may have appeared to Farquart to be something less absolutely admiring in it upon this occasion than usual, for he presently added—

"You're always roaming about the town though, Boroughdale. Why shouldn't you call and leave my card

and your own too at the same time? It would be immensely charitable of you if you would, and would save me a world of bother. Mrs. Holland, too, would go simply out of her wits with delight, and would probably send off straight for a framer and glazier, in order that yours might be duly set out over the mantelpiece!"

This suggestion Boroughdale at first met also with absolute silence, and Farquart, who in fact had no idea of his agreeing to anything of the sort, and had rather thrown in the last suggestion by way of deciding him against it, had gone back to his work—when he suddenly unsealed his lips to say—

"Wouldn't they think it cool?"

"Cool! Who? The Hollands, do you mean? No—at least of course not. They'd be delighted," Farquart replied, rather staggered however at finding his own suggestion so promptly and unexpectedly acted upon.

"All right; give us the card and the address."

"You mean really to leave them?"

"Yes, of course. I sha'n't go in, though. Not unless— No, in any case I sha'n't go in."

A few days later, accordingly, the cards, his own and Farquart's, were delivered by the Marquis of Boroughdale in person, who escaped as soon as he had deposited them in the hands of a prim-faced parlour maid with black ribbons in her cap, who gazed, first at them, and then at him, with an air of the severest and most unqualified scepticism. Apparently, however, her employers were less incredulous, for a few days later, on returning from a solitary expedition down the river, he found on his table three pieces of card-board announcing that Professor Holland, F.L.S., F.R.S., F.G.S., and other initials, had been to call upon him, also Mrs. Holland and Miss Katherine Holland.

"Did they ask if I was in?" he inquired of the servant who opened the door.

The man thought not. A lady had

come alone in a four-wheel cab, and had handed in the cards, and had driven away again immediately.

Boroughdale had all the mind in the world to ask what this lady was like, but refrained, long habits of taciturnity stepping in amongst other things to hinder his doing so. He let a week elapse, and then, one afternoon about five o'clock, he called again at the house in Bayswater, and sent up his card.

This time the parlour maid returned smoothing down her spotless apron, and with a marked decrease of asperity announced that the ladies were at home, and would his lordship kindly walk up stairs.

Boroughdale obeyed, and was ushered into a fairly large-sized drawing-room, with the usual shining double-doors and profuse exhibition of antimacassars, the only peculiarity in this case being an unusually large, square table, without cover of any sort, which was placed in one of the windows, and on which stood a number of small brass instruments amongst which a microscope rose conspicuous. Miss Holland, who was putting together some pieces of drawing-paper at this table, turned round as he entered, while her aunt, whose cap he noticed had got slightly awry, advanced hurriedly from the fire-place to greet him.

Evidently the poor lady was suffering from an intense attack of nervous embarrassment, so alarmingly did she stumble and shuffle over her greeting. So particularly kind of him, she said; really quite remarkably so. He had met her niece before, had he not? He must please positively allow her to call the professor who would—what chair would he take?

Now oddly enough, Boroughdale, unlike most shy people, became more instead of less at his ease when he encountered others similarly affected. Whether it was that there was something consoling in the sight of another suffering from his own malady in an acute form, or whether the latent in-

stinct of a man born to fill a great sphere came to his rescue, certain it is that his usual asperities softened under these circumstances, and he became polite, and even, comparatively, what is called affable. He now responded to Mrs. Holland's agitated greetings with good-natured civility, sitting down in the chair she tremblingly indicated to him, and plunging into a dissertation upon the weather, and the recent political events with an amount of fluency which would not a little have astonished some of his own intimates.

Apparently the poor lady's embarrassment was too profound, however, to be so easily dispersed, and, after a few abortive and disjointed attempts at conversation, she suddenly got up, saying that she really must inform the professor, who would never forgive her were she to allow Lord Boroughdale to go away without his seeing him, and so saying left the room.

Miss Holland, who up to this had remained somewhat aloof from the conversation, now necessarily took up the thread of it, continuing to speak upon the same topics which the guest himself had already started. Unfortunately the latter's own chronic complaint showed an immediate disposition to revive, and it was with a sort of despairing resolution to put an end to it at once or to perish in the attempt, that he suddenly leaped from his chair, and crossing over to the large table near which she was still sitting, begged to know what was the use of those little brass boxes, several of which he saw upon it.

"They are parts of a camera lucida," she answered, "for drawing microscopic objects, you know. I am helping my uncle to prepare some drawings for a monograph he is bringing out," she went on. "His eyes unfortunately are not at all strong, and he is ordered to take as much care of them as possible."

"What sort of things do you draw?"

"These sort of things," she an-

swered, placing before him some pieces of white paper, upon each of which was outlined in ink an eccentrically-shaped object which appeared to Boroughdale's eyes to resemble some sort of jointed drainpipe, with a small flower or a flower bud protruding erratically out of every joint.

"Why, what upon earth are they?" he inquired.

"They are called polyzoa, I believe. Should you like to see some? I have several here in this little glass; I was drawing them when you came in. My uncle's monograph has to be ready by the end of this month, so I do as many of them now in the day as I can."

While speaking, Miss Holland had been carefully extracting some nearly invisible object out of a glass at her elbow by means of a tube, and was now placing them in a small cell upon the stage of the microscope before her.

"Now look," she said to Boroughdale. "Not there," she added, as that worthy youth began plunging his head energetically towards the base of the instrument. "And don't put your hands there either, or you will interfere with the focus. See, hold this little knob, and move it up and down till you get it arranged to your sight!"

Under these instructions Lord Boroughdale at last got his eyes and his fingers into the right places; having done which he remained gazing for some minutes down the instrument. Suddenly he gave a tremendous jump.

"Hullo! it's alive!" he exclaimed.

"Alive! Oh yes, quite alive," she answered, laughing. "You couldn't draw them, in fact, at all, if they weren't, as they go back then into their tubes."

Boroughdale said no more, but continued to gaze down the instrument, with his head tightly glued to the top of it. At last, however, he lifted the latter, and, turning round, stared hard instead at his companion, as though he thought she had been performing some act of legerdemain for his benefit.

"Well, what did you see?" she said, smiling.

"The most extraordinary thing happened. I've looked through microscopes often before, but never seen anything the least bit like this. There was a little lump of jelly fastened to a bit of stick, and I was wondering why you should have told me to look at it, when all at once it stretched until it became as big as a glass chandelier, all covered over with little bobbing bells, and all the bells began nodding, and curtseying, and dancing, and jumping about together, as if they'd suddenly gone mad, and then all at once, crack! the whole thing rolled up into a lump of jelly again."

"Oh, yes, I know what that was," Miss Holland said. "These were not the polyzoa, though; the glass must have got moved. I forget their names, but they are very common things, though very curious. I have often been amused by them myself."

"Curious? they're the most extraordinary things I ever saw in the whole course of my life! And you say they are common. Could one get them for oneself?"

"Oh yes, I should think so. There are almost always some amongst the seaweed and other things that are sent to my uncle."

At this moment the professor entered, accompanied by Mrs. Holland, who, under his wing, appeared in some degree to regain self-possession. He was a small, thin, bloodless-looking man, with that extreme lankiness of jaw which one has come to associate with the citizens of the great Republic, but with a feebler mouth and chin than generally accompanies the type. His forehead, on the other hand, was remarkably large and fine, and the same contradiction seemed to some degree to run through the whole person and bearing. His eyes, which were evidently weak, were protected by large spectacles, and his head partially covered with a small black skull-cap.

"Ah! my niece, I perceive, is showing you some of our new forms," he said to Boroughdale, when the first greetings had been exchanged.

"Your lordship, I presume, takes an interest in marine zoology?" he added, in a tone of confidence.

"Not I," said Boroughdale; "at least I never thought at all about it before, but what Miss Holland has just been showing me is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw; things, you know, that are all over glass balls, and bob out at you like a jack-in-the-box. I could go on looking at them all day."

"Ah! the little *Carchesium*. True, those compound *Vorticellaceae* form a singularly striking group, do they not? Professor Wurst of Munich has recently been publishing the results of a series of investigations upon their structural development which promises to be of considerable value. No doubt, though, Gellenshaft is still the great authority upon the whole order. Your lordship is acquainted probably with the writings of Professor Gellenshaft?"

"Not I; I know nothing, I tell you, about them, or about science or natural history, or anything of the sort. I almost wish I did; at least, if there are many things as curious as those," he added, glancing ingenuously over to the table.

"Why do you not take to it then?" Miss Holland inquired, who, with the orderliness of habit, was mechanically putting the things there back into their places again. "You really ought to do so when it interests you so much," she added, turning round to look at him, and speaking with some insistence.

Boroughdale reddened, shuffled his feet about a little on the carpet. "I shouldn't so much mind if *you'd* help me!" he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of audacity. Then, with an equally rapid lapse into despondency, "I never could learn anything in my life, though!" he added, gloomily; "so there would not be any sort of use in my trying."

The end of it was, however, that when a quarter of an hour later Lord Boroughdale took his leave, he car-

ried off with him a pocket microscope and a bottle containing a pinch of green stuff. Half that night he sat up trying to puzzle out those unaccountable aberrations which unfolded themselves to his eyes, and two days later he reappeared at the professor's clamouring to know where he could get some more. Under these auspices he was not long in making friends with the purveyors of the tanks at the Zoological Gardens, and in duly setting himself up with a microscope and a regulation supply of "objects." It was the genuine outbreak of a hitherto unsuspected faculty, which but for some such accident as this might have lain comfortably perdue under the surface for the rest of his days. Now, however, that it had proclaimed itself, it did not seem likely to be allowed much rest; one thing inevitably leading to another, and that other, as inevitably, to the one immediately beyond.

Boroughdale, whom all his masters with one consent had proclaimed too stupid or too stubborn to learn anything, for whom the magnificent educational resources of England had hitherto been ransacked in vain, having apparently at the eleventh hour discovered something about which he *did* care to be informed, seemed bent upon making up for lost time. He sat hours at a time over his forceps and pliers, plunged into the most uninviting of primers and manuals, attended lectures, and spent days amongst the bewildering mazes of the British museums. Of course all this sudden intellectual activity necessitated, it will be understood, a pretty constant recurrence to the house in Bayswater, and to those sources of encouragement for which he had there stipulated. Poets from the beginning of things have sung the provocations and incitements which lead to the romantic passion, but perhaps a community of hobbies—little romantic as that may sound—is not one of the least effective or the least stimulating of these. So, at any rate

it was in this case. Boroughdale's brain and heart, despite the immeasurable antagonism which is supposed to exist between the two organs, awoke both of them into conscious activity, both of them, as it happened, precisely at the same moment.

Although in his eyes she appeared to be a perfect prodigy of learning (which, in truth, the poor girl was very far from being), he was not at all the more alarmed of Miss Holland upon that account. It was not the cleverness or even the brilliancy of other women, so much as their fine clothes and their irresponsible chatter, which had made them so mortally terrifying in his eyes. Katherine Holland had apparently no fine clothes, and she had, equally apparently, no disposition for irresponsible chattering, or, if she had, the early severity of circumstances had effectually taken it from her. This premature gravity, which would have made her fatally wanting in charm to most young men, was only, as it happened, an additional attraction to this one. Deep down at the bottom of all Boroughdale's sullenness and all his disinclination for society lay two very distinct qualities: an intense—morbidly intense—sensitiveness to the good opinion of others, and a pride which shrank from being indebted either to his money or his position for suffrages, which it seemed to him hopeless to expect to claim upon more personal grounds. Miss Holland's gravity, her incapacity for small talk, and her absorption—whether real or sympathetic—in larger interests, was as soothing to him as the low notes of a wood-pigeon to ears long teased by the pertinacious twittering of sparrows. He began by talking to her about his various zoological difficulties; he went on to talk to her about some of those other less impersonal stumbling-blocks of which he had all his life been more or less dumbly conscious; and before the end of their first three weeks of intercourse he had ended by becoming as

thoroughly, heartily, and irrecoverably in love with her as the most ardent enthusiast upon the subject could possibly desire.

To the other two members of her little circle he was a source in some degree of awe, in some degree of perplexity, but also and chiefly, it must be said, of profound pride and gratification, the professor especially being inspired with something very like a positive enthusiasm for this latest and most ardent, if not most promising, of recruits to the great army of scientific workers. Despite his own pre-eminently respectable standing in that sphere, the good man had all his life been strangely pricked and tormented by vague hankerings after another and a less attainable one, generally disguised from himself by slighting references to the incapacity of men of rank and position to adequately gauge or appreciate the labours of their intellectual betters. To have, therefore, the owner of so shining a name—one which seemed to carry a sort of aristocratic effulgence in its very syllables—sitting hour after hour in his own front parlour, imbibing the first syllables of zoological lore from his own inspired lips, was eminently soothing to his *amour propre*; not the less that he naturally set down the whole of Lord Boroughdale's sudden enthusiasm to the score of that scientific radiance which emanated so conspicuously from his own person.

To some of that important young man's own friends this sudden transformation of incorrigible idler into ardent and indefatigable learner, was less a source of jubilation, however, than of perplexity, and even of a somewhat irritated mystification. Farquart, who had heard something of the new mania, but who for more than a fortnight past had seen nothing of Boroughdale, walked over to his house in Portman Square one morning towards luncheon time, and was informed by the servant who opened the door that his lordship was up stairs in the drawing-room.

Wondering rather at this unwonted change of habit he walked up stairs, and found the owner of the house gazing enthralled into a small glass phial, a pot of Canada balsam simmering upon a tripod at his side, a quantity of pots and pans containing "objects" scattered about the floor, and a very perceptible aroma of what, by a delicate periphrase, may be called extinct marine organisms!

Hearing steps, the investigator looked up—his eyes still alight with the fires of discovery—and stretched out a hand wet with salt water to his guest.

"What the deuce have you got hold of there?" the other inquired, in a tone of some disgust.

"Amphipoda—such extraordinary little beggars!"

"And what may their names be in the ordinary language of civilisation?"

"Well, they're a sort of crab—at least—no, not crabs exactly, either. You never went in for zoology, Farquart, amongst the multitude of things you know, did you? Why was that, I wonder? You can form no idea what a tremendously interesting thing it is."

"Very likely; but you see I happen to have a particular dislike to handling slimy messes," his friend replied, wiping his hand leisurely upon his pocket-handkerchief. "Why, Boroughdale, I had no conception you had such a good ceiling up here," he added, with a sudden acceleration of interest, glancing as he spoke into the vault above his head, where some lightly attired but decorously obscure damsels appeared to be disporting themselves against a chocolate-coloured sky. "That must be a Verrio, I declare," he added.

"I intend having it whitewashed, whatever or whoever it is," Boroughdale replied emphatically. "It's most beastly dark in here."

"Whitewashed, my dear fellow; You never surely would be such a Goth? Why, those ceilings are getting tremendously scarce. I don't say Verrio was exactly a Michael Angelo,

still, if only as a memento of the period, they are simply priceless."

"I am very sorry to hear it, as I must get it whitened somehow. It's as dark as pitch in here by five o'clock. Could it be scraped off? If so, you're welcome to it, you know."

Farquart smiled derisively.

"You could scrape it off, no doubt, but there wouldn't be much of it left when you had completed your process," he replied, a trifle, perhaps, too disdainfully.

Boroughdale proffered no further suggestion with regard to the ill-fated ceiling, but quietly replaced his phial before him and resumed his contemplation of the Amphipoda. Farquart sat by a little longer watching the big fingers plunging down now and then into its depths; then he got up, saying he must be off to the club to lunch, would Boroughdale come too? No, Boroughdale said, he couldn't. He was very sorry to refuse, but he couldn't spare the time, he really couldn't. Accordingly Farquart departed alone, smiling, and lifting his shoulders again with an uncontrollable gesture of pity as he did so.

It was odd, very odd indeed, he thought to himself, as he went his way meditatively along the streets, the way things were managed in this really most incomprehensible of all incomprehensible worlds. Of course if Boroughdale, poor fellow, could find no better way of filling up his interminable hours than by scraping shells and bottling up crabs, why, it was better he should do that than inflict them upon other people. But when one thought, when one simply for an instant considered, what *another* man in his shoes might get out of his life, what accomplish, what leave as a sort of record and legacy to all coming millionaires—really it took one's breath away! And as he turned leisurely up Piccadilly a sense of the unfathomable and immeasurable stupidity of things stole gently over the clever young man's mind, and he twice shrugged his shoulders again before arriving at his destination.

A few days later he took occasion to call at Professor Holland's house, moved thereto chiefly by a certain curiosity as to the mainspring of this sudden and futile ebullition of energy. He met his cousin as it happened on the doorstep, she having just returned, she told him, from a walk in the park. She was looking, he at once observed, remarkably handsome; the walk had brought a colour into her usually pale cheeks; that peculiar look of youth which at times seemed fairly extinguished out of her face triumphing to-day in eyes and lips, and in the girl like brightness of her glance.

"How well you are looking, Katherine, and how little I have seen of you of late," he said with an air of gracefully sentimental regret as they went up the stairs together.

Miss Holland smiled a little sceptically.

"Whose fault is that I should like to know?" she answered. "We are not much more difficult to find at home than the snails. You have only to look into our shell."

"True; but then London—you know what London is in the matter of engagements, or rather perhaps, happy being, you do not. Really the calls upon a man's time are maddening, nothing short of maddening. And the more too one tries to shut oneself up, the more the wretched people insist upon pulling one out, and not leaving one a moment's peace."

Miss Holland smiled again, without her face, however, entirely losing its sceptical expression.

"Have you finished that picture you were at work at when we were last at your studio?" she presently inquired, turning away as she spoke to lay aside gloves and cloak on the back of a sofa.

Farquart stroked his moustache a moment reflectively.

"The picture? Now let me see which was that I wonder?" he said in a tone of profound introspection.

"Ah, yes; now I remember. Finished it! Heavens no, my dear girl. I've

put it away. I haven't even seen it since, I'm trying to forget I ever painted it."

"Trying to forget it. Why?"

"Well, you see, it is rather a theory of mine. I don't believe in sticking at any one thing beyond a given time. I believe one does oneself more harm than good." He had by this time seated himself upon a chair, and was glancing up and down the room with that sense of amusement which so often assailed him when he found himself confronted by other people's notions of the decorative. "One makes more way often by resting on one's oars, you know," he added, turning his eyes so as to bring them to bear upon his cousin's face.

"One might rest too long though," she suggested.

"Oh, yes. Of course there is always that risk; still I think on the whole it is less than the opposite one; supposing, that is, that a man has the wherewithal to do anything at all in him; and if he hasn't why of course it doesn't much matter what he does, whether he grinds or whether he does not. But if he has he can't really idle even if he tries. Everything one sees; everything bombastic people call one's environment; the people one meets; the houses one goes to; that tiresome woman you danced with yesterday, or took into dinner the day before; all form part, artistically speaking, of your daily bread. You don't consciously chronicle them, of course, or sketch them, or anything of that sort, but they go down somewhere or other, and come out again in one form or other if they're wanted. Forgive my inflicting upon you this elaborate recitation of my artistic creed, but seriously I believe that's about it. The cream of a man's ideas, his best inspirations, all come to him in that sort of unpremeditated way. It gives a better chance, too, to the infinities and immensities which are always floating about if one can only make use of them. Sticking like a leach to his easel or his desk, as the case may be his ideas get ossified, and, ten to one,

he is missing a dozen better ideas while he is pegging away like a cart-horse at one."

Katherine Holland shook her head slightly. She thought her cousin's theories very brilliant, very ingenious but at the same time slightly impractical.

"Now, my uncle, would he I wonder get any clearer ideas about his morphology or his comparative anatomy if he took to a course of balls and dinner parties?" she inquired somewhat ironically.

"Your uncle? Oh, well—no, very likely not; but that, you will admit, is different," Farquart answered, with a conscientious effort at banishing from his tone all sense of the immensity of the difference. "I was speaking, of course, of the more purely creative processes. By the way, talking of the others—of your uncle's pursuits," he added, "reminds me of Boroughdale. You remember my friend, Boroughdale, whom I introduced to you at my studio? If I am not mistaken your uncle has got in him a new recruit. I was at his house the other day, and I found him up to the ears in strange and slimy beasts, the room smelling like a seashore at extremely low tide, one hand excitedly twisting up the screws of a microscope, and the other tenderly caressing a dead crab."

Miss Holland smiled.

"Yes, I know. We have seen a good deal of him lately," she said. "He is interested in zoology. He has never studied it at all, it seems, before; but my uncle says that he has never known any one who picked up so much in so short a time."

Farquart laughed, throwing back his head with an intense but perfectly good-humoured entertainment.

"Then all I can say is that you have worked a miracle amongst you!" he exclaimed. "I have known Boroughdale ages—we are almost like brothers. There is not a better-natured, an honest, a kinder-hearted fellow in all England; in fact, I'm perfectly devoted to him:

at the same time I am bound in honour to declare that during all the years we have been together I have never once, even once, known him acquire anything of his own free will. And at Oxford, old Godby, who was his tutor, and also mine, told me that in all his experience he never came across so stolidly, respectably, but absolutely impervious, a headpiece."

Miss Holland looked a little surprised. The last part of her cousin's speech did not seem to her to fit particularly well with the profession of friendship at the beginning of it.

"Haven't you read something of the same sort in the biography of various illustrious savants before now?" she said, quickly. "It seems to me I have. Besides, Lord Boroughdale tells me that he really has always taken an interest in natural history—watching the ways of animals, I mean, and that sort of thing—only that he was always rather ashamed of it than otherwise, as no one else he knew cared for anything of the sort, and it appeared like a sort of remnant of childishness."

Farquart shook his head.

"I expect that their chief attraction in his eyes—latterly, at any rate—has lain in the fact that there was no danger of their insisting upon his turning any of them into a marchioness of Boroughdale," he said, laughingly. "His terror, his absorbing panic, is that every woman he meets, or even hears of, intends to marry him."

Miss Holland's eyebrows contracted. She looked vexed: a blush of displeasure rather than embarrassment rising suddenly to her cheek. Farquart, too, felt unexpectedly annoyed with himself. Now that they were uttered his words somehow sounded a good deal more significant than he had ever intended them to be. The last thing in the world that he had proposed to himself that afternoon was what, in the language of slang, is called "crabbing" Boroughdale, still less of openly hinting to his cousin that any good-nature of hers in that

direction might possibly be misconstrued. What he knew of her, no less than of the peculiarity of her circumstances, making anything of the sort little short of a gratuitous impertinence. Nevertheless, somehow or other, he seemed to have drifted into doing what was at least open to the imputation of being both. Where the deuce had his usually infallible tact got to? he asked himself, with a self-annoyance which was as rare as it was uncomfortable. While he was still industriously cudgelling his brain in search of some newer and happier topic upon which to launch, and before Miss Holland had entirely recovered her composure, the door opened and her aunt, Mrs. Holland, entered; whereupon Farquart promptly recalled to his mind an engagement he had previously forgotten, and not very many minutes afterwards he rose to take his leave.

Mr. Vansittart, who happened to have been away for a short time from town also about this time, paid his first visit to his son's improvised laboratory, and also went away shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head. The last state of that misguided young man seemed to him to be worse than the first. As if it was not bad enough to have a son who refused to fulfil any of the functions of his position, without having one who made it impossible for you to enter his house without having your nose saluted with the most detestably ungodly smells! Meeting Farquart the same afternoon upon the steps of a club to which he belonged, and which the latter had lately joined, he at once burst upon him with the subject.

"My dear Mr. Farquart, how very fortunate that I should just meet you. Have you seen anything of Boroughdale lately?"

"Not for nearly a week," the other answered. "By the way, you know, I suppose, that he has become immersed in zoology, since you left town," he added, with a smile.

"Know it, my dear sir! I have

just come from seeing him. I assure you the smell of that house is enough to knock you down, literally to knock you down. It's perfectly poisonous! We shall have him indicted by the neighbourhood as a nuisance if he doesn't mind what he is about!"

Farquart laughed.

"It *is* pretty bad, I know," he said. "Carburetted hydrogen, isn't it? I don't believe there's really any great harm in it though."

But Mr. Vansittart, was far past laughing. All his usual social creeds, his very terror of ridicule being for the moment set aside in the extremity of his parental anguish.

"Harm! heavens and earth, my dear young man! I don't know what you call harm? To my mind it is pitiful—simply pitiful. When I think of Boroughdale's position, when I think of his magnificent opportunities, when I think of the care with which he has been brought up, when I think of the trouble which I have always lavished over his education, that now at his age he should be given over to such puerilities, such childishness—worthy of some cockney school-boy out upon his first holiday! Of course I don't expect others to see the thing in the same light, but to my mind it is disastrous—simply disastrous!"

"Probably he'll get tired of it after a while, you know," Farquart said, consolingly. They were still upon the steps of the club, up which they now began to mount.

Mr. Vansittart shook his head.

"I don't know; he becomes extraordinarily set upon a thing—extraordinarily—once he takes it up," he said despondently. "I've known him take up the queerest fads; nothing wrong, you know, but queer, very queer, the last things you would imagine any one in his position, and brought up as he has been, would take up. But this is the worst of them all, much, very much the worst!" the unfortunate father ended with a groan.

EMILY LAWLESS.

To be continued.

INTERVENTION AT THE CAPE.

THERE is a growing tendency in South Africa to question the desirability of imperial intervention. The annexation, and then the retrocession of the Transvaal, the war against Cetshwayo, and subsequent activity or inactivity in Zululand, the resumption of direct control in Basutoland, and some less notable movements elsewhere, have all been discussed, and have been cited by some as instances of the good or evil which such intervention works. It may be observed as a general rule that when England does go into South African affairs, it is invariably about matters affecting the natives. The Cape Colony can arrange and develop her railway system, she can settle her tariffs, she can extend or consolidate her judicial machinery, she can even raise extensive loans in the money market at home, and all this without a jar or hitch in her intercourse with the mother country, but let her make one step in the region of native administration, and she finds inevitably an outer influence at work, the influence of that part of the British public which chooses to interest itself in aboriginal races, not specially in South Africa, but all over the world. Colonists often complain that far more interest is taken at home in the native races than in the English, who live side by side with them. The reason is plain. As pioneers of civilization the settlers in new lands bring much harm and suffering to the aborigines of those countries which are the scenes of their enterprises, and there are those who think it is their duty to mitigate as far as they can the shock of the collision for which they feel that they themselves bear a certain amount of indirect responsibility.

The desired end would be much better accomplished if there were less

friction between the philanthropist at home and the colonist abroad. Like many others, if these two understood each other a little better, they would grow into mutual esteem and helpfulness. Until they do so there will be a great loss of power, and a wholly unnecessary expenditure of ill-feeling and of bad language, upon innocent persons.

Possibly the lines upon which I start may seem at variance with my profession, but I trust we may yet be able to find a point of junction—even by the route which I am now pursuing. My contention is for less intervention on the part of the Home Government in the native affairs of the Cape Colony in particular, and of South Africa in general. I must start with the somewhat harsh saying that whatever benefits may have accrued to the natives of Southern Africa in former times from the course adopted by the Home Government there, imperial intervention has latterly tended to aggravate the evils of the contact and inevitable conflict between the civilised and uncivilised races.

To take the Transvaal as a case in point. For many years the emigrant farmers were spreading themselves over that huge territory, and there was chronic warfare in which a vast amount of suffering was inflicted upon the native tribes, who were either pushed out of their places, or submitted to their invaders and became accustomed to a state of vassalage which involved a good deal of what some people call slavery and others do not, according to their respective political leanings. The intensity of the struggle was over, and things might be said to be settling down. The diffusion of the farmers over a great extent

of country, and a loosening of the bonds of union among them had considerably decreased their offensive power. Indeed it was the utter failure of the Sekukuni campaign which afforded a pretext for British interference and annexation, a step about the justness of which there appears to be a hopeless diversity of view not only in England but in the colony itself. That annexation once accomplished however, was hailed by the immense native population within and on the borders of the Transvaal with entire satisfaction. I speak from personal knowledge, having lived among these natives all my life and during the period in question, when I had the advantage of looking at the matter from two entirely different points of view, first as a missionary, then as a government official.

For nearly four years the natives found themselves in a new world, a world in which equal justice was meted out to black and white, in which there was scope for all to reap and to enjoy the fruits of their own industry, to come and to go with the least possible amount of restriction. Then came the events of 1881. During the struggle of that year, the natives, in strict obedience to the order of the Government, stood aside and took no part in the hostilities. What peaceful aid they could render to the beleaguered garrisons, or to such government officials as were within their reach, they gave heartily. No threats or blandishments, both of which were abundantly employed, had the effect of inducing them to join the party opposed to the Government, even though this party was from the first to a large extent master of the situation.

It would be difficult to make people at a distance understand the bitterness of the feeling engendered in the minds of the Transvaal burghers against the natives by these circumstances. It was bad enough that during the British occupation the Government came in between the settler and his native vassals, compelling him to ac-

cord to them the rights of fellow subjects, but that these same natives should have the temerity to refuse assistance in expelling the English, and should, on the contrary, show their unaltered attachment and constancy when their English friends were in dire difficulty was more than could be borne. Accordingly, deep were the threats of vengeance, when the time should come, and unhappily it did come.

On the 2nd of August, 1881, the chiefs, headmen, and councillors, to the number of about one thousand, representing a population of, according to the lowest estimate, a quarter of a million, were assembled at Pretoria to hear the message of the Queen. That message was delivered by the President of the Royal Commission, in the presence of his colleagues and of the Boer leaders. It was to the effect that the Queen had thought fit to give the Transvaal its independence, but that in doing so she had made ample arrangements to secure justice to the natives, and for that purpose she had appointed a Resident, whose duty it would be to see that the terms of the Convention were carried out. The gentlemen who formed the *personnel* of the Royal Commission must either have been hampered by orders which left them no option; or they must have acted under a trust in the simple and old-fashioned creed that a man's word is as good as his bond. If the latter, then I have no hesitation in saying that their confidence was wholly misplaced. From the day of its signature the Convention has been a dead letter as regards the natives, and their condition has been far more deplorable, and is now, than it was before we annexed the Transvaal at all.

The only checks upon the Boers, and these, such as before our interference, were going far towards mitigating the severity of their *régime*, were their own generally disunited condition, the successful resistance made by Sekukuni, and the neighbourhood to their frontier of a power like that of Cetshwayo.

We during our occupation removed these checks, and have added new fetters to those already borne by the aborigines.

It is not pleasant to have to adopt a tone of complaint, especially when the instruments of intervention have been men whom to know is to respect, and whose earnest desire to do what is right has been indisputable. This very circumstance ought to lead us rather to conclude that the system is at fault and not the men. We are reminded of the saying which has a melancholy truth, that South Africa is the grave of reputations. Why should it be so, but for underlying falseness in the ground upon which the owners of those reputations have to play their perilous part?

It can hardly be said that the present condition of Zululand is a credit to the Imperial Government, whether we look at its action in breaking up Cetshwayo's power, or in the measures which have since been adopted from time to time to meet and to adjust the derangements which our invasion of Zululand had caused. It is early yet to speak of Basutoland. As yet there are no signs that may be considered entirely hopeful, but it would be unjust to Colonel Clarke to say anything premature when the nature of the task allotted to him is in itself calculated to make him feel like a man that has been set to make bricks without straw, and that with his hands tied behind his back.

These things are done and cannot be undone. It is too late to mend them, and they are not dragged before the unwilling attention of the public with any hope of this kind. What then, I think I hear some one saying in an injured tone, for what practical purpose do you inflict upon us these sour and ungrateful reflections? Plainly to support my original contention, that we colonists could do better with less intervention on the part of the Home Government in our native affairs, with the result that the natives would be no worse and pro-

bably much better off than they have been with such intervention, and with another result, that upon the whole colonists would be more content in their relations to the mother country.

England ought to take into account that there are two courses and not more from which to choose. England must either leave the native question in South Africa severely alone, or she must attend to it properly, that is, thoroughly. In the meantime, she is doing neither. She interferes just enough to cause a good deal of irritation and not enough to do any good. If England intends to keep up the part of friend to the native races in South Africa, she must not ask what it is to cost. She must make up her mind to spend money. There is no such thing as philanthropy on the cheap. I may add that if England were to think of trying to regain the place she has lost in the confidence of the native races, she would now have to do so at a very great cost indeed. After the events of the past few years it would need something more than ordinary to make it possible for natives, or any one interested in their welfare, to trust her good faith.

Now there does not seem to be any prospect of a strong course being taken in this direction; and it behoves us to look at the other alternative as the only probable one, namely, that the Home Government should simply and entirely leave the management of natives in South Africa alone. What would be the result? I repeat what I have said already, that I do not think the natives would be a whit worse off than they are now, and that there is the possibility open of a great improvement. There is a notion abroad in England that the South African colonist, more especially the Dutchman, is without conscience in all that regards natives. This notion is so far true as to be very troublesome as all half truths are; but it is full of injustice in the indiscriminate manner of its application. No one regrets more than many colonists

themselves do, the perversion of moral sentiment on native affairs in South Africa. But English people would do well to look at home and to consider the views entertained by some portions of the population of the United Kingdom towards others. Not to mention those race hatreds about which we have heard so much lately, I have heard language used by worthy and respectable people in England about the classes below them, such as reminds me exactly of the way some colonists talk about Kafirs or Hottentots. Yet there are enough people in England, though possibly a minority, to make a good fight on behalf of those who are too weak or too foolish to look after their own interests; and in like manner there is in South Africa a party, it may be small, but it is strong in earnestness and in unity of purpose, and it is growing. It is not exclusively English, on the contrary, some of its best elements are to be found amongst the Dutch population, a party determined that justice shall be the rule of the land, as applied alike to all men without distinction of colour.

They have better opportunities than people in England of getting a grasp of the situation, and of understanding what is really good for the natives. Though they are far from representing the general sentiment of the community they are an important power in the country; time is in their favour. Such blunders as the attempted disarmament of the Basutos help to strengthen their cause, and I have firm faith in their eventual and complete success in so influencing the consciences of their fellow-countrymen as to lead to the adoption of a wise and just policy in dealing with native questions. These South African humanitarians, or whatever they may be called by those who differ from them, have not an easy contest to wage; but it is a wholesome and honest one. It is not made any easier by the interference, however well meant, of people in England. They

have to bear the brunt of the contempt or exasperation roused in the minds of colonists generally by the mistakes which the Home Government makes under pressure of an occasional and fitful wave of agitation which sweeps over the philanthropic mind of England. And they are themselves discouraged and estranged by finding themselves quite ignored or indiscriminately included in the reproaches which are heaped upon "those selfish and greedy colonists."

Yet it was this section of the South African people which fought bravely against the greatest mistake which the Colonial Government of that day could have made, a mistake made moreover under the inspiration of a British High Commissioner—the attempted disarmament of the Basutos; and after the war it was due mainly to their sense of duty that the Cape Colony made, what was for a comparatively poor and weak community, a great effort, voting a sum of seventy-five thousand pounds, thereby to repair the losses sustained by those Basutos who sided with us in the war, and this when the colony was staggering under the weight of an enormous war expenditure. This last at least is a proof that the South African community is not so utterly unfair in its attitude towards the natives as is often imagined, and it is probable that there would be a still more considerable tendency of public opinion in the right direction but for the feeling of opposition aroused by interference from home.

If Cape colonists were left severely alone in these matters by the mother country, the hands of those who wish to do right would be materially strengthened by the consideration that in many cases a policy of unjust aggression would be checked by a want of power. The colonists have, for instance, learned a lesson from the Basuto war, and in this way sweet have been the uses of adversity. The failure to coerce the Basuto has awakened in the minds of many a

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doubt as to whether they were right in trying to coerce them. This may not be very logical, but it is a not unusual sequence of thought in some men's minds.

Before quitting the subject there is another aspect of it which ought to be touched upon, namely, the supposed evils which might be possible from a policy by England of entire withdrawal from interference in South African native affairs. People talk about certain deplorable results which must follow, culminating in slavery and annihilation, after which latter probably there is nothing more to be said. But the Kafir races will take a good deal of annihilating. They are numerous, and they possess a strong vitality. Suffer they must and do, as all uncivilised races have done by contact with civilisation. My impression is that they will survive the shock. Well then, you cannot kill them off, though in this line of things British interference in South Africa can show a ten times heavier butcher's bill than the colonial one. We cannot drive them back for there is no back country to drive them to now. On the other hand, there is a bugbear which I cannot give the majority of colonists credit or discredit for being afraid of, that is, of supposing the native races in South Africa to be composed of human tigers, thirsting for the white man's blood. As if it were not the restless aggressions and encroachments of Englishman and Dutchman alike, of Imperial and Colonial Governments, that have driven them into a frightened and frenzied resistance. I speak as one who has lived among natives in different parts of South Africa from the Cape Colony up to the southern watershed of the Zambesi, and as one who has been able to hear them as they talked together among themselves about these things.

Even in moments when it might

have been expected that the flush of success would carry them away, the tide has been stemmed, not by us, but by their own want of determination to follow up an advantage, and their fear of what might follow. It was nothing but the politic forbearance of Moshesh which, at the battle of Berea in Basutoland, saved an English force under the too brave Cathcart from utter destruction, and after the slaughter of Isandhlwana nothing could have saved the colony of Natal but the determination of the Zulu king to fight it out in his own country. There have been atrocities on the part of the natives in our native wars, but it ill befits us to say much about them; we, who ought to know so much better than they, yet must confess with shame that deeds have been committed on our side unworthy of civilised warfare.

The colonists may safely be left to deal with the native question. They will not annihilate the natives, nor will the natives annihilate them. They will learn by experience; dear bought experience, it may be, but still they have a better chance of learning than those in England who do not get that experience and have so much else to distract their attention. The sentiment of loyalty to the mother country will be less disturbed by the irritating clash of opinion and of practice on native questions. However little disposed some may be to believe it, the consolidation of the Empire, so far as South Africa is concerned, lies in this direction, especially as regards the cloud which looms so dark upon the Cape horizon at present, the estrangement of Dutch and English, the bringing together of whom as harmonious elements in the population of a loyal British colony is rendered difficult, if not impossible, by the position taken by the Home Government.

JOHN SMITH MOFFAT.

THE MAN OF LETTERS AS HERO.

WE are not about to embark upon the stormy question whether Mr. Froude has rightly understood the function of the biographer, or has wisely played the part of one faithful to the memory of a departed friend. A hundred essays might be written on the casuistical points that an ingenious man might raise, and at the end of the hundredth the judgment of men would differ as widely as at the first. The work is done; if not the truth, at least the materials for truth, are out. The biographer states his case with that lucidity in which his pen seldom fails:—

"Carlyle exerted for many years an almost unbounded influence on the mind of educated England. His writings are now spread over the whole English-speaking world. They are studied with eagerness and confidence by millions who have looked and looked to him not for amusement, but for moral guidance, and those millions have a right to know what manner of man he really was. It may be, and I for one think it will be, that when time has levelled accidental distinctions, when the perspective has altered, and the foremost figures of this century are seen in their true proportions, Carlyle will tower far above all his contemporaries, and will then be the one person of them about whom the coming generations will care most to be informed. But whether I estimate his importance rightly or wrongly, he has played a part which entitles every one to demand a complete account of his character. He has come forward as a teacher of mankind. He has claimed 'to speak with authority, and not as the Scribes.' He has denounced as empty illusion the most favourite convictions of the age. No concealment is permissible about a man who could thus take on himself the character of a prophet and speak to it in so imperious a tone."

It is not easy to see the answer to this. When a statesman dies, the world is not concerned to know the details of his private history, unless they affect his public probity. The coarse talk of Walpole, the debts of Pitt, the gambling of Fox, the bet-

tings, the drinkings, the gallantries of other politicians whose day is over, do not and ought not to affect our judgment of them from the only point of view which the public has any right to take. The statesman is judged by his policy, by the wisdom of his aims, the success with which he attained them, and the lawfulness of the means that he allowed himself to use. One might say the same of a great painter, actor, dramatist, and even of the author, provided the author has not posed as prophet and teacher. If he have played that part, he cannot complain if he be judged by the standard which he has himself set up, and which he has acquired fame, glory, and the reverence of nations by holding before their gaze. The *Principia* would have been just as great a gift to mortals if Sir Isaac Newton had been a bad man instead of being a good one. The morality of the author of the *Novum Organum* has, indeed, exercised the lively interest and the curiosity of the world, partly because it turns upon points of history, and partly because it is one of that fixed class of recognised riddles at which successive generations of lettered men are never weary of trying their hands. But in Bacon's case, the question is one of public, rather than of private morals. Better, again, said Voltaire or some one else, better Racine bad father, bad husband, bad friend, and good poet, than Racine, good father, good husband, good friend, and bad poet. Is this the true view, or are we to decline to enjoy *Hamlet* until we have satisfied ourselves about Shakespeare's moral character? Does it much matter to us whether Byron was a wicked profligate or not? Or are we to feel the beauty of *Childe Harold* and the sublimity of *Manfred* or *Cain* without asking ourselves whether the poet

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practised the sublime and beautiful in his daily walk and conversation? People will try to find out personal traits, so long as the world goes round, for curiosity about the personal history of famous figures springs eternal in the human breast and is inextinguishable, with or without material. But the value of Byron's poetry remains just what it was, be it great or little, whether the lenient or the merciful view of his character be the right one. Does the value of a Prophet remain what it was, if we find that he was a fierce railer, selfish and self-centred, harsh, presumptuous, alternately whining and cursing like a sturdy beggar, intolerant, inconsiderate? In a military commander or the ruler of an empire, these shortcomings touch us not an atom. Napoleon Bonaparte may have been as great a ruffian as any one pleases, may have behaved ill to Josephine, may have been the meanest tyrant that ever bullied a court; it is by weightier matters that he must be judged. The man with a gospel stands on another footing. Here we have a right to know, if we can, how the gospel worked. Such a man is a character as well as a doctrine, and the one may be, and ought to be, just as edifying as the other. What he was and did may teach us no less, may inspire and stimulate and guide us no less, than what he wrote down in books.

The difficulty is in being quite sure that even the most candid biographer can tell us what his hero was; can lay bare all the unspoken thoughts and silent motives; can effectually and truly reveal the inward history, which is, after all, the real tissue of the man's being. This is what Carlyle has himself most truly set forth in a passage cited by Mr. Froude from his *Journal*. "The chief elements of my little destiny," he said, "have all along lain deep below view or surmise, and never will or can be known to any son of Adam. I would say to any biographer, if any fool undertook such a task, 'Forbear, poor fool! Let no life

of me be written; let me and my bewildered wrestlings lie buried here and be forgotten swiftly of all the world. If these write, it will be mere delusion and hallucination. The confused world never understood, nor will understand, me and my poor affairs. Not even the persons nearest to me could guess at them.'" This is true enough. In so extraordinary a genius as Carlyle, as sometimes in creatures of far commoner clay, the qualities that make the real man are deep below view or surmise. We easily know all about the outer act, but the spirit and inmost prompting of it, and all its relations to other parts of the doer's conduct are not to be so simply discerned. Even the actual eyewitness, and it may be the sufferer from it, may wholly mistake and miscalculate the significance of something done or spoken. The half of us is misunderstanding, even between those who are most close to one another, and whom the action most concerns. How much more impossible, then, is it for those outside and at a distance to be confident that they know all and judge aright. The judgments of the world cannot be otherwise than rough, superficial, and somewhat haphazard; sound enough for practical purposes of human dealing, but not delicate enough, subtle, comprehensive, well-informed enough, to render it fit for the part of an Eternal Judge with no right of appeal.

Yet there is much in conduct as to which there can be no mistake, and if a man persists in acts that are inconsiderate and unkind, and in words that are harsh, ungenerous, biting, and wilfully ignorant, his fellows will judge him, prophet or no prophet. "Thou art inexcusable, O man," said the Apostle, "whosoever thou art that judgest: for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doest the same things." There is no function from which he who knows himself will more sedulously abstain than that of the moral judge of the character of

another. Human nature is so subtle, intermixed, self-deceiving, that hesitation and leniency are the rules that come spontaneously to all save the Pharisee and the Cynic. Carlyle was himself, on the surface at all events, a Cynic of the Cynics; and as he chose to vent his spleen on most of the best of his contemporaries, he will have to take his chance. His friends can hardly claim for his benefit a tenderness that he so seldom extended to the rest of the world.

Of his relations to his wife, of which most is said, perhaps it is well to say least. Of all relations they are those of which even the nearest outside friend must know least. Their success or failure, the rights and wrongs of them, are constantly determined—outside the ordinary cases of coarse rupture—by elements too delicate to be capable of being either fully divulged or fairly seized. We can never be perfectly sure that we know all the relevant circumstances of the case. Perhaps we do not know them all here, in spite of Mr. Froude's ample exposure of many facts. Carlyle laughed his horse-laughter over the household troubles of Diderot, his quarrels with his wife, his gross indigestions, and all the other *misères* of the unlucky philosopher,—not without an innuendo that he had fallen into them all as a result of his materialist metaphysics, and that they only served him right. Yet no "blackguard *philosophe*" of the band was more essentially reprobate in all domestic duty than the transcendental Coleridge, and there is many a scene in Cheyne Row that exactly recalls Diderot's interior in the Rue Taranne. The greater is the pity. There are not in the history of the Calamities of Authors more painful entries than many here:—"Work ruined for this day. Imprudently expressed complaints in the morning filled all the sky with clouds—portending grave issues? Or only inane ones?" That is to say, we take it, would his wife leave him altogether, as seems to have been

often threatened, and was once for a time actually attempted, or would they go on in their "mutual misery"? The mutual misery hardly abated. "A thick black cloud overshadowed his life for many weary years." The fourteenth chapter (i. 379)—partially redeemed from utter squalor by two letters to Mr. Carlyle from the noble-minded Mazzini—is a dolorous piece of reading to all, and one hopes they are not few, who would have given much to know that the man of high thoughts, stern purpose, noble imagination, fared through the world, if not with serenity, at least without squalid perversities, wranglings, indignity.

Mr. Froude states the case generally in several places. It comes to this, that when Carlyle was uncomfortable, he could not keep it to himself, and made more of it than the reality justified. "His wife suffered perhaps more than he from colds, and pains, and sleeplessness; when her husband was dilating upon his own sorrows, he often forgot hers, or made them worse by worry." She on the other hand had a hot temper, and a tongue as biting and as rasping as his own. She even described to Mr. Froude and others, in Carlyle's presence, how he set out on an expedition, drawing him "in her finest style of mockery—his cloak, his knapsack, his broad-brimmed hat, his preparation of pipes, &c. He laughed as loud as any of us; but it struck me even then that the wit, however brilliant, was rather untender." The lady "had a terrible habit of speaking out the exact truth, cut as clear as with a graving tool, on occasions, too, when without harm it might have been left unspoken." Even she and her mother were "seldom together without a collision." In their most intimate talk Carlyle had no gift of tender expansion. His letters are full of it, but in conversation he shrank from expressions of affection. "On the other hand he was keenly sensitive to what he thought unreasonable or silly. He was easily provoked; and

his irritation would burst out in spurts of angry metaphor, not to be forgotten from their very point and force. Thus his letters failed in producing their full effect from their contrast with remembered expressions which had meant nothing." That Carlyle was imperious and exacting in his household is as certain as that Milton was, or that James Mill was. That he was self-centred, inconsiderate and even downright selfish can hardly be denied. (See, for instance, ii. 141). Friends were amused by his peculiarities, but "for his wife, on whom the fire-sparks fell first always, and who could not escape from them, the trial was hard." His affection was undoubted, but it did not prevent outbursts under which for a fortnight at a time she felt as "if she were keeper of a mad-house." Yet, says Mr. Froude, though both he and she were noble and generous, "his was the soft heart and hers the stern one" (ii. 171). On the whole, it looks as if this were the truth, and here let us close the distressing page, only taking care not to forget that the head and the will ought to have a share in conduct as well as a soft heart. Carlyle was at bottom a sentimentalist, not a reasoner, and the sentimentalist's catastrophe overtook him. It will sound revolting to his disciples, but in truth Carlyle was in many important respects not unlike the favourite Prophet and Teacher of an earlier generation, the remarkable Jean Jacques (and there is even a letter of Rousseau's, by the way, to his Thérèse that is wonderfully like some in these volumes). Carlyle was a Rousseau who chanced to be, as Mr. Froude puts it, in everything Norse to the heart. To them both their times were utterly out of joint. In contempt for their literary contemporaries, they were singularly alike.

Carlyle has few good words to bestow. In all camps it is the same. Cardinal Newman "had not the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit." The author of the *Christian Life* is "some little

ape called Keble." George Sand is a mere French improper female, from every point of view objectionable and intolerable, though he admits in one place (i. 247) that he is made by what he calls her sentimentalisms so impatient of her (as also of Mazzini) "as often to be unjust to what of truth and genuine propriety of him is in them." But these great moral leaders ought not to allow themselves to be impatient and unjust. To be in everything Norse to the heart is not the only quality required for wise and equitable judgment. To be Norse in the heart, if you are not careful, is to be both brutal and silly. The brutality and silliness of some of Carlyle's utterances are more Norse than can be permitted.

Nothing is more striking than the fascination for Carlyle of the outer seeming of the people in whom he either was really interested, or knew that he was expected to be. His letters and journals are among other things the most extraordinary gallery of the portraits of contemporary notables. In power of physiognomic description he is little short of a magician. The worst of it is that the one thing for which this eloquent talker about Work seems to have had least eye or thought, was the quality of the work that was being done by anybody with whom he is brought into contact. He can tell you that Sydney Smith was "a mass of fat and muscularity, with massive Roman nose, piercing hazel eyes, huge cheeks, shrewdness and fun, not humour or even wit, seemingly without soul altogether." Yet Sydney Smith had fought hard for all sorts of merciful improvements, and had helped to get them done; he had not contented himself with the random vehemence of such things as the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, in spite of the "soul" in them. Carlyle can tell us of Mr. Bright's nose and his pugnacious eye, and his coat-collar; but that Mr. Bright had achieved anything or set a mark for good or for ill on national affairs, seems to

have been of no more interest to him than it would be to an artist with a commission for a portrait. In "Radical Grote"—one of the gentlest and most courteous of all the sons of men—he finds no more than "a man with strait upper lip, large chin, and open mouth (spout mouth); for the rest a tall man with dull thoughtful brows, and lank dishevelled hair, greatly the look of a prosperous Dissenting minister." No wonder that intercourse with his fellow creatures was so stale, flat, and unprofitable to one who could bring no more away from even the strongest heads of his time than mere external memorabilia of this description.

He goes down to stay with Mill at Mickleham in 1836, about a month after the death of James Mill. "They were as hospitable as they could be," says Carlyle, and he gives a pleasant picture of "the little drawing-room door of glass looking out into a rose lawn, into green plains, and half a mile off to a most respectable wooded and open broad-shouldered green hill." Then the inevitable grumble. "There was little sorrow visible in their house, or rather none, nor any human feeling at all; but the strangest *unheimlich* kind of composure and acquiescence, as if all human spontaneity had taken refuge in invisible corners." As if there could be no human feeling unless it shows itself in the hullabaloo of an Irish wake, or the ceaseless sombre dronings and woful ejaculations of the Old Prophet himself. As if Mill's feeling for his father were not as deep as Carlyle's for his, simply because it found a calmer and more rational expression; and as if Mill's lament for the wife whom he had idolised, were not as passionate as the dreary inarticulate moanings of Carlyle over the wife whom he only idolised in memory after she had been taken away from him. Even the illness which Mill had brought upon himself by his consuming ardour for knowledge and truth, excited only disgust or contempt in

his heroic friend. "His eyes go twinkling and jerking with wild lights and twitches; his head is bald, his face brown and dry," and so forth. As if this, or the like of this, were the thing best worth saying and reporting. Mill, he admits, "talked much and not stupidly—far from that." Surely a sentence or two of this not stupid talk would have been better worth putting down than these miserable items of his personal appearance. Carlyle's tone in speaking of a man who was so much superior to him in so many ways as Mill, is simply painful. Than the *Autobiography*, Carlyle has never read "a more uninteresting book, nor, I should say, a sillier. . . It is wholly the life of a logic-chopping engine, little more of human in it than if it had been done by a thing of mechanised iron." Such talk inclines one to think that to be calm, grave, dignified, serene, rational, was the most sure means of provoking an explosion of contempt. Even of Emerson, who had once been so radiant to him, Carlyle latterly seems to have thought but poorly. What, then, are we to say for a scheme of thinking, feeling, living, which at the end of many years so extinguishes the sympathy and the hope of a man? "Do not conjugate *ennuyer*, dear Jack," he wrote to his brother, "if you can help it; conjugate *espérer* rather. Depend upon it, working, trying, is the only remover of doubt. It is an immense truth that." Immense truth is it indeed, yet hardly in a page or a line of the teacher's life do we see that it was of any practical use to him in that not unimportant part of the day when he is out of the workshop, and has to deal with the claims of others.

It is the same with most of the incidents of his time. All is bad. For the Great Exhibition, says his biographer, "he could have no feeling but contempt," because, forsooth, it was "a contrivance to bring in a new era, and do for mankind what Christianity had tried and failed to do." When the

Duke of Wellington was buried, and the nation did its best in the ordinary way of such things to give outward evidence of its inward appreciation, Carlyle could see nothing but "a big bag of wind and nothingness." The crowd who go to see the lying-in-state were "all the empty fools of creation." The whole performance is "a painful, miserable kind of thing to me and others of a serious turn of mind." The serious turn of mind is just what is not there. Think how Goethe would have talked about such things, would have brushed the cant and insincerity and bad upholstery aside, and found some positive, genial, instructive, human word to say about exhibitions and crowds and pageants. He would have said something to Eckermann or to the Chancellor von Müller that would have been interesting, perhaps even useful, and in any case serious. What has an everlasting torrent of inhuman scolding to do with "a serious turn of mind?" It is the worst levity.

At Cologne, instead of yielding himself for a while to the sublime impressions of the great church, he "got no good of it, but rather mischief; the sight of those impious Christians doing their so-called worship there (a true devil-worship if ever there was one) [etcetera, etcetera] far transcended any little pleasure I could have got from the supreme of earthly masonry." If any one would measure this outbreak of inconsiderate spleen with the composure of a great spirit, let him turn to Goethe's few words about Saint Peter's at Rome. The church is not more empty, more hypocritical, more desperate than everything else. "Bunsen had once tried to enlist Carlyle's sympathies in the completion of Cologne Cathedral, showing him the plans, &c. Carlyle said nothing till obliged to speak. Then at last, being pressed to speak, he said, 'It is a very fine pagoda, if ye could get any sort of a God to put in it.'" Some will be inclined to ask themselves whether as grave a thing might not be said of the gorgeous structure that Carlyle

himself has raised in our literature. His imagination is resplendent, his humour incomparable, the spaciousness is imposing and awful, but where is the piety, the reverence, except in words? Is not the upshot of it all that the Devil and his angels have somehow got hold of our poor planet, and are its masters, driving our generation headlong like swine down steep places? It would be no great paradox to say that in many respects no atheism has ever been preached in this world of blacker dye than Carlyle's. The men of the eighteenth century, of whom he made so light, had at least the fire of humane hope burning with a bright and a steadfast flame within them, illusory enough in many cases, but still giving warmth and light while it lasted. They attacked what they held wrong and mischievous, but they had in them the spirit of practical direction. It was not all anathema. Without disparaging some sides of Carlyle as a spiritual force, we see in him as a directing practical force only distraction in his own efforts, and too often ignorant and presumptuous detraction of the efforts of others. Mr. Froude tells us boldly, taking the bull by the horns, that Carlyle "lived to see most of the unpalatable doctrines which the Pamphlets contained, verified by painful experience and practically acted on" (ii. 42). Of this we would fain hear further and better particulars. If it were said of Bentham, or the early Edinburgh Reviewers, or of some others on whom Carlyle poured his boisterous scorn, such a statement would be intelligible and reasonably true. But in turning over once more the familiar pages of the Latter-day Pamphlets, we feel that they are as little capable of being "practically acted on" as the wailings of the Prophet Jeremiah, or the shoutings of Philoctetes on his island.

His Edinburgh address in 1866, according to Mr. Froude, brought a low-priced edition of his works "into a strange temporary popularity with the

reading multitude. *Sartor*, 'poor beast,' had struggled into life with difficulty, and its readers since had been few, if select. 20,000 copies of the shilling edition of it were now sold instantly on its publication. It was now admitted universally that Carlyle was 'a great man.' Yet he saw no inclination, not the slightest, to attend to his teaching" (ii. 307). That very plain truth, which becomes still plainer as the years roll over us, was due to the fact that his teaching was all heat and no light; it emancipated men from the spirit of convention, but did not furnish them with a new leading; was a glorious appeal to the individual to look into his own soul, but gave him no practical key by which he might read what he found there. For that we have all had to look elsewhere, and some have found it in one source and others in another. "Carlyle," says Mr. Froude, "taught me a creed which I could then accept as really true; which I have held ever since, with increasing confidence as the interpretation of my existence, and the guide of my conduct, so far as I have been able to act up to it." Nobody living is Mr. Froude's superior in the art of clear exposition when he has something to expound, but we look through his account of Carlyle in vain for anything worthy of the name of a creed. Sublime and moving aspirations, poetic and devout ejaculations, yes: but a creed, no.

How imperfectly Carlyle's creed was a guide to conduct, or even to opinion, for its inventor and first owner, we learn here. Carlyle, said Mazzini, "loves calm and silence *platonically*." So too was his love too nearly platonic for Resignation (*Entsagen*), Acquiescence, Faith, and all the other cardinal articles of his spiritual programme. We know of no biography in the world more impregnated with mutiny, and (in Carlyle's sense) with Impiety. This is not the fault of the biographer. He has only painted the scenes and the character as they were.

The resplendent poetic genius, of course, stands where it did, the pene-

trating humour, the vivid glance, the noble imagination and solemnity. There is no need for pity, whatever else there may be, for one who could so feed the mind and heart through the eye as to have such communings with nature as here:—

"My days pass along here, where a multiplicity of small things still detains but does not occupy me, in a most silent, almost Sabbath-like manner. I avoid all company whatever—except the few poor greedy-minded, very stupid rustics who have some affairs with me, which I struggle always to despatch and cut short. I see nobody; I do not even read much. The old hill and rivers, the old earth with her star firmaments and burial-vaults, carry on a mysterious, unfathomable dialogue with me. It is eight years since I have seen a spring, and in such a mood I never saw one. It seems all new and original to me—beautiful, almost solemn. Whose great laboratory is that? The hills stand snow-powdered, pale, bright. The black hailstorm awakens in them, rushes down like a black swift ocean tide, valley answering valley; and again the sun blinks out, and the poor sower is casting his grain into the furrow, hopeful he that the Zodiacs and far Heavenly Horologes have not faltered; that there will be yet another summer added for us and another harvest. Our whole heart asks with Napoleon: 'Messieurs, who made all that? *Be silent*, foolish Messieurs!'"

Yet this is not the only or the uniform impression; the beholder reflected as many moods as he found. At Newby the scene has changed. There he watches "the going and coming of the great Atlantic brine, which rushes up and down every twelve hours since the creation of the world, never forgetting its work; a most huge unfortunate looking thing, doomed to a career of transcendent monotony, the very image as of a grey objectless monotony."

Here is another scene:—

"Avoiding crowds and highways, I went along Battersea Bridge, and then by a wondrous path across cow fields, mud ditches, river embankments, over a waste expanse of what attempted to pass for country, wondrous enough in darkening dusk, especially as I had never been there before, and the very road was uncertain. I had left my watch and my purse. I had a good stick in my hand. Boat people sat drinking about the Red House; steamers snorting about the river, each with a lantern at its nose. Old women sate in strange cottages, trimming

their evening fire. Bewildered-looking, mysterious coke furnaces (with a very bad smell) glowed at one place; I know not why. Windmills stood silent. Blackguards, improper females, and miscellanies sauntered, harmless all. Chelsea lights burnt many-hued, bright over the water in the distance—under the great sky of silver, under the great still twilight. So I wandered full of thoughts, or of things I could not think.

With one more, we may close:—

"Yesterday I set out in the rough wind, while the weather was dry, for a long walk. I went by Penpont, up Scaur Water, round the foot of Tynron Doon. I had all along been remembering a poor little joiner's cottage which I saw once when poor Auntie and you and I went up on ponies. This ride, this cottage, which was the centre of it in my memory, I would again recall, by looking at the places—the places which still abide while all else vanishes so soon. It was a day of tempestuous wind; but the sun occasionally shone; the country was green, bright; the hills of an almost spiritual clearness, and broad swift storms of hail came dashing down from them on this hand and that. It was a kind of preternatural walk, full of sadness, full of purity.

"The Scaur Water, the clearest I ever saw except one, came brawling down, the voice of it like a lamentation among the winds, answering me as the voice of a brother wanderer and lamenter, wanderers like me through a certain portion of eternity and infinite space. Poor brook! yet it was nothing but drops of water. My thought alone gave it an individuality. It was *I* that was the wanderer, far older and stronger and greater than the Scaur, or any river or mountain, or earth, planet, or thing."

Whether Mr. Froude is right in thinking that Carlyle is the one person among his contemporaries about whom the coming generations will care most to be informed, it is impossible to be sure. Most critics, however, will be inclined to assent to the estimate of Lord Beaconsfield in that singular and truly admirable letter, here published, in which he offered to Carlyle an honourable mark of national recognition. Tennyson and Carlyle are likely to be the two conspicuous names in the literature of the middle of our century. In Carlyle's permanence as a spiritual force we have little belief. His teaching is not sane, it is vague, it is not true.

There is, however, no occasion for an examination of it here. The question which these volumes will make men ask themselves is, as we have said, how the Gospel worked. One part of the answer is plain. Carlyle's life and character cannot and will not take their place in the temple of those whose mere name is an incitement to the love of virtue and the love of truth, like Socrates, Plato, Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Froude concludes his task with the immortal words from the Funeral Oration of Pericles, about the unwritten memory of illustrious men abiding in the hearts and minds of all mankind, and there standing for an everlasting monument. But who will close the story of Carlyle's life in the devout and elevated mood in which Tacitus finishes his noble picture of Agricola? As a great poet, as an artist of the highest power, Carlyle's fame can hardly grow pale. But who will take him as an example of conduct, of self-discipline, of wise and virtuous government of life in the world in which we find ourselves? A sublime sense of the solemnity of life is not enough: above all things we need measure. The Beautiful, as he has many a time said, is the Good. For the beautiful in character, in demeanour, in human relation, men will still turn to other types than Carlyle. When they seek to quicken the love of what is good in youthful souls by pictures of wise and magnanimous living, they will hardly send the ingenuous learner the story of Cheyne Row. Grace, affection, charity, divine equity, sober charm of life—not for these things or any of them will the name of Carlyle be dear to human history.

If we seek a standard, Carlyle himself has given it. "Here," he said of a great figure of our age, "here is a mind of the most subtle and tumultuous elements; but it is governed in peaceful diligence, and its impetuous and ethereal faculties work softly together for good and noble ends. He

may be called a philosopher ; for he loves and has practised as a man the wisdom which as a poet he inculcates. Composure and cheerful seriousness seem to breathe over all his character. There is no whining over human woes ; it is understood that we must simply all strive to alleviate or remove them. There is no noisy battling for opinions ; but a persevering effort to make Truth lovely. . . . An air of majestic repose and serene humanity is visible throughout his works. In no line of them does he speak with asperity of any man ; scarcely ever even of a thing.

He knows the good and loves it ; he knows the bad and hateful, and rejects it, but in neither case with violence ; his love is calm and active ; his rejection is implied rather than pronounced." It is not given to all to reach to this high serenity. But teachers less Olympian than Goethe have come near to the ideal even in our own "bankrupt age." The life of Emerson at Concord, and of Mill at Blackheath and Avignon, tends more to edification than the life of Carlyle, with all its tumultuous emotions, and all its strange celestial imaginings.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

WE have now arrived at the end of another act of the political drama which began with the introduction of the Franchise Bill on the 28th of last February. The Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons on the 26th of June. The amendment on the second reading in the House of Lords was carried on the 8th of July, and the conciliatory amendment of Lord Wemyss was rejected nine days later. On the 30th the delegates who had met at Leeds in the preceding October re-assembled at St. James's Hall, and the controversy was once more carried from the two Houses to the people out of doors. In August the agitation simmered, in September it grew much more fervent, and during the three weeks of October it has approached the violent. To-day the scene is again shifted. What change may we suppose to have been worked in the minds of the actors? What development has occurred to the plot?

As the time for the meeting of Parliament has grown closer, the gravity of the crisis has made itself more plainly visible. The Prime Minister in his speeches in Scotland lost no opportunity of rousing public attention to the peril of the slope on which the lamentable action of the House of Lords has launched the existing Constitution. Nothing could be more earnest or impressive than the language of these warnings, and nothing more clearly separating prediction from menace.

Now that the moment is close at hand when the next step must be taken, even the inert, non-combatant, and non-political part of the public is awakening with startled rapidity to the seriousness of the position. The letter of Sir Charles Dilke's correspondent is indicative of this new

phase. "I have hitherto," says the writer, "remained an on-looker in politics, and have not exercised such franchise as I may have, nor taken any active part on either side. When, however, I see it now declared, in the presence and with the sanction of a Conservative leader, that the present struggle is one of authority between the two Houses of Parliament, I think it is high time for all Englishmen to take off their coats and support the representative against the non-representative House, until the supreme authority of the former in this country is established beyond dispute."

This process of taking coats off is now beginning in good earnest. The vehemence of the feeling in Scotland made itself manifest during Mr. Gladstone's visit, when he was forced to admit that his own sentiments and views were considerably behind those of the population in which he found himself. The Welsh are even more perfervid than the Scots, and the intensity of the enthusiasm that greeted Mr. Chamberlain at Denbigh is said to be only a sample of the universal temper of the Principality. Yet, as Lord Salisbury was constrained to admit in one of his speeches before the recess, twenty years ago his party held fifteen county seats in Scotland, where they now have only six out of thirty-two; while in Wales, where his friends have now no more than two seats out of thirty, twenty years ago they actually had a majority. There is no sign that the present agitation is reversing this tremendous advance, but much the contrary.

In England it is less easy to kindle the fires of excitement than in any of the other three divisions of the United Kingdom; but nobody who has had an opportunity of judging

will doubt or deny that in those parts of the country where Englishmen happen to be thickest on the ground, the interest is as keen, and the resolution as vigorous, as it is in Scotland or Wales, and may at any moment become as passionate as political excitement has ever been in England itself. In Durham and Northumberland, the great majority of the population is not only strong for the Commons against the Lords, but goes sturdily for the abolition of the Lords and nothing short of that. In the West Riding of Yorkshire, where statesmen have so often before now sought and found a decisive expression of the national judgment, it is no excess of the truth to say—for it is admitted by those to whom it is least pleasant to make the admission—that the issue raised by the Conservative Peers has swept the “moderates” off their feet, and converted all Liberals into “extremists.” In the Potteries it is the same story. The temper of the urban population of the Midlands was shown in the violent refusal of the artisans of Birmingham to allow a hearing even to so respectable and respected a leader as Sir Stafford Northcote. Even at High Wycombe a Conservative meeting was roughly brought to nought; and at Guisborough the Conservative member for the North Riding was peremptorily put to silence. It is no wonder that scenes of this description are beginning to cause much searching of heart among those who have been accomplices and accessories in the unhappy proceedings in the Upper House in July last, or that men on both sides should be anxiously seeking for signs of a compromise. To us here it has never from the first seemed possible, considering the political temper which precipitated the struggle, that any compromise could be desired that should not be too palpable a surrender on one side or the other. The issue has always been clear and unmistakable. Is the representative House or the non-representative to go to work upon

Redistribution with a pistol at its head and a rope round its neck? Are the Commons to be pressed to settle redistribution so as to please the Conservative Peers, under penalty of losing the Franchise Bill? Or are the Conservative Peers to be forced to accept such a scheme of Redistribution as has pleased the Liberal majority in the Commons, under penalty of having an appeal made to the new voters in the old boundaries? That is a very plain, as it is certainly not a new statement of the issue.

One consideration may be worth reproducing under each head of the dilemma. The strength of the case of the Peers lies in the probability of the Ministerial scheme of Redistribution being unfair. If that probability were great, their case would certainly not be hollow. But is the probability great? Lord Randolph Churchill shall answer:—

“Will any moderate-thinking politician acquainted with the working of the House of Commons and the relation of parties believe that the Government, supposing them to entertain this wish, would have the power to gratify it, and that whether Redistribution is dealt with by Conservatives or Liberals, it will not be dealt with on the same broad lines, based to a great extent on the preponderance of numbers, and approaching more or less boldly the principle of equal electoral districts? In these days of universal publicity, with the ubiquitous and controlling influence of an unfettered public opinion, with a free Press, and with an almost unrestricted license of discussion both at Westminster and outside, it would be impossible for either party in the State to submit to Parliament, with a chance of success, a dishonest Redistribution Bill. The idea is not reasonable enough for practical politics.”

This possibility therefore, even if it came to pass, of being forced to accept the substance of Redistribution from the Commons, does not seem very formidable. But is the penalty of refusal to accept it very formidable either? Is it a contingency too dreadful to be faced that a general election should be held for once (it would only be for once, as a Redistribution Bill would be the first measure of a new Parliament), in which the two millions of

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new voters would be thrown into the old county constituencies? Mr. Forster, who is not open to the charge of being violent, or heady, or flighty, gave the answer to this question in a strong speech that he made at Otley on the last Saturday of last month:—

“It is stated that it would be very inconvenient, and very unjust, for the new voters to be able to vote upon the Redistribution question. Let us take the inconvenience first. There would be some inconvenience, but so far as I can make out it would be an inconvenience to the committees, to the wire-pullers, to the caucuses on both sides, . . . because it would be impossible for them to arrange canvassing districts, but I do not see any inconvenience to the voter. Take our division. Probably there will be as much inconvenience there as at most places. We have now 23,000 voters, and we should have them increased to 46,000 in a sort of pell-mell fashion, nobody knowing where they were allotted; and the candidates would have to stand upon their own merits and principles which they advocated, and it would be very difficult to find the people who were to be distributed to vote for them. No great calamity that. When you come to the question of injustice, the argument is overpoweringly on our side. Colonel Stanley brought forward an amendment which would have put it out of the question altogether for the new voters to get their vote. I venture to say that it would be very unjust. You are, hundreds of thousands of you, in these districts around, exactly as much fitted for the vote as the men in Bradford or in Leeds, feeling as deeply in politics, knowing as much about them, as interested in the measures that are passed, and anxious for the honour of your country, and with determination that your country shall do its duty, but because you happen to live in what is called a village instead of in a town you have not had your votes. That right has been long delayed, and long denied; and at last your opponents are convinced, and say you ought to have a vote, but they have attached to it, or wish to attach to it—for they will not succeed—this condition. They say, ‘Oh, yes, you may have this vote, but you shall not use it on this matter.’ But what does this mean? Why it means this, that there may be important differences of opinion in this country upon this matter, and yet you are not to be allowed to have a voice in it, and yet you will all feel that in the whole course of your future voting lives there will probably not be a question upon which you will be so deeply interested, and upon which you will so much wish to give your opinion.”

Two things, then, seem morally certain; first, that no violent scheme of

Redistribution is at all on the cards, or practically possible; second, that the dangers and injustices of a general election held with the existing distribution and the new voters are chimerical. The question remains, then, whether there was, or is, any mischief to be apprehended from assenting to the Franchise Bill in July last or November next, so grave and so extensive as to justify the present actual risk of a political convulsion in guarding against it. This is what the sober people in the country find it hard to answer in a way favourable to Lord Salisbury.

Where would things have been today if the Franchise Bill had been passed in the summer? Parliament would have been assembling. The scheme of Redistribution would have been ready to lay before it. The Government, and not only the Government, but the House of Commons, would have been pledged to proceed with it with prompt despatch. If it had shown a trace of deliberate manipulation of boundaries for party purposes, that would have instantly turned public opinion against its authors and in favour of the Conservative leaders, who would already on that hypothesis have conciliated the respect of the country by the concession of the Franchise. If the Tory party were resisting a dishonest scheme of Redistribution, they would occupy a position before the constituencies than which none could be stronger. It is not worth while to continue the delightful dream. The reality is very different. Nothing can be more unpromising than the present outlook for those who, like the virtuous Falkland, do ingeminate, Peace, Peace. It would be waste of time to run into a vein of conjecture as to the probable course of things, when we are so near to the disclosure of events. Of one proposition only can we be sure, and this is that, however the present crisis may close, it will prove to have given a rude and a fatal shock to the authority of the hereditary Chamber, because

it has loosened whatever hold the Chamber may have on the present constituencies, and it has implanted prepossessions that will not easily be uprooted in the minds of the electors that are to be.

A certain stir was made by the publication (October 9) in the columns of the *Standard* of what has been represented as the draft of the proposed Redistribution Bill, but what is really one sketch among others of the lines on which a Bill might be framed. It had been printed for the use of two or three members of the Cabinet on whom the task of preparing a Bill had devolved, but it had not been considered or even seen, much less finally accepted, by the Cabinet as a whole. The interest in the scheme, when this was understood, rapidly died down. The plain truth is that the attention of the political world is concentrated with invincible tenacity upon the conflict of wills between the representative and the non-representative branches of the Legislature. The fighting, or, if we please, the sporting instinct is up, and it is absolutely useless to attempt to draw men's minds away from the one question of the hour, whether to Egypt, or the alleged deficiencies of the navy, or the Congo, or any other matter whatsoever. There are, as might be expected, differences in different parts of the country, and among different classes. In the south attention is less entirely fixed than it is in the north. But there is no chance for the general consideration of other public concerns until this is settled. Until the deadlock between Lords and Commons is brought to an end, all other matters that are as yet on the horizon will be made to wait. This is not a very safe or satisfactory posture of public affairs, and it makes one solid reason, if there were no other, why the Conservative Peers should stand aside and allow us all to go on with our proper business with peace and satisfaction.

A curious question, by the way, has thus arisen in the ethics of jour-

nalism. The exact circumstances under which the *Standard* acquired the memorandum are not known. Hints have been dropped that the draft was communicated to the conductors of the newspaper by the connivance of important personages. If that were so, we do not know that there is much more to be said. But the hypothesis is that the document was abstracted by some *employé* of the confidential press at the Foreign Office, and sold by him to the Able Editor. We are not here concerned to know whether this is the true history or not. The *Standard* is an excellent newspaper, and its hands may be as clean as the driven snow for anything that is positively known to the contrary. What is interesting is the speculative question as to the rights and wrongs of the matter on the given supposition of the facts. The easy cynicism with which a supposed accessory after the fact of theft is justified in the current discussions is a rather remarkable phenomenon in the development of the new Spiritual Power of our day. Is an editor justified in buying property which he has strong grounds for knowing to be stolen? The law is undeniably against him, but then the law is so squeamish. If the property were a watch or a case of spoons, the editor would be as liable to punishment as any other person plying the noble trade of the "fence." But is a secret State-paper on the same footing? If there is any difference between the stolen paper and the stolen spoons, it would seem to be against the editorial receiver, because the mischief that might arise from the divulgence of the one is greater than any that could arise from the robbery of the other. There is in existence a secret report of the Commission that inquired not long ago into the defences of colonial harbours, coaling-stations, and so forth. The reasons against publicity in such a case are obvious. Yet, on the present theory of journalistic enterprise, if an editor could persuade some person with access to this document to

bring it to him for a consideration, he would be sadly wanting in the spirit of his profession if he refrained from getting and from publishing it, whatever the ensuing disadvantage to the country might be. Journalist first, Englishman and patriot second. Let us pursue the matter a point or two further. Supposing that a messenger waiting in the hall at Downing Street were able to overhear through the keyhole the deliberations of the Cabinet, and were afterwards to offer to reproduce what he had heard to the enterprising editor for cash down, would it be the duty of the editor to hand him the money, or to kick him down the stairs? Again, supposing that a journalist paying a visit to a Minister were to espy on his table a secret minute, would it be his duty to make a mental *précis* of its contents, if he were near enough to be able to read it, or to carry it off furtively in his pocket, if the Minister were to chance to leave him alone in the room for a minute or two? As we understand the arguments of the day, the answer would depend on circumstances. The journalist with a really sensitive conscience and a dainty punctilio would not take action until he had asked himself several searching questions. For instance, he would say to himself—"Is the minute highly important? Has the Minister really good reasons from his own point of view for keeping it secret? Will its publication be extremely disagreeable to 'the other side'? Will it be of such value to my journal as to compensate for the necessary, but still slightly unpleasant, bit of treachery? If I do not take it, how do I know that the next editor who is admitted will not, and therefore why should I not forestall him?" And so on. Anybody can see the distressing nature of the dilemma. The intensity of journalistic competition, we are told, should not be forgotten. That is true, no doubt. Lord Eldon once lost his dog Pincher. In consequence of a letter he received a negotiation was opened,

which led to a servant being sent with a five-pound note to a house, where Pincher was duly found. The dog-stealer, being dealt with "on honour," freely disclosed the secrets of his trade, and, in answer to a gentle reproach, exclaimed, "Why, what can we do? Now that Parliament has put a stop to our trade of procuring bodies for the surgeons, we are obliged to turn to this to get an honest livelihood." One hopes that our daily instructors have not come to this; yet, as we say, some current arguments rest on some such position.

To return from this little digression—the chronicler of the month may note that some troublesome questions are preparing for a more popular and regenerated House of Commons, whenever we are fortunate enough to get it. The agitation among the Skye crofters, for instance, is not dying down, as had been hoped, but is again putting on a serious aspect. At one meeting held during the present month near Quiraing 600 crofters pledged themselves to pay no more rent to their landlord until he should refund to them the increase of rent exacted from them over the rent paid to the former proprietor. Each crofter present agreed to pay 10s. into a fund to protect themselves in case legal proceedings were taken. It is even stated that all who were present were compelled to agree to what had been done, under the threat of having their property destroyed. Still more lawless doings took place at a later date in Uig Lewis. The crofters refused to pay rent, and, besides that, drove their cattle on to lands that are claimed by them, but have not for long been in their legal possession. The same day a large number of men of Valtos assembled on the shore, and prevented the tenant of the farm from ferrying his cattle to an adjacent island for wintering, and they drove them back to the farm, four miles distant. The tenant, not unnaturally, remarked, "This is worse than Ireland." "The Highland Association,"

we are told, "is using its best efforts, and is hopeful that it may be enabled to check and suppress the spirit of lawlessness which is spreading among the young men." It is no insignificant fact, if it be a fact, that the Highland Association is both countenanced and actively supported by a large body of clergy.

In Egyptian affairs there has been one more of those pauses and lulls which have usually been followed by some further entanglement. Lord Northbrook has been industriously pursuing his investigations, and until his conclusions are formed and announced, nothing will be done and little will be said. If it be true that he urges a great reduction, or as some say the abolition, of the Egyptian army, that would seem to be the assumption of further responsibilities, and those of the most vital kind, by Great Britain. From Khartoum intelligence up to July 30 represented Gordon as valiantly holding his own against the tribes. Since then there have been persistent rumours that Colonel Stewart, an admirably courageous and sane officer if ever there was one, has been killed, but they are not yet accepted as certainly true by the authorities on the spot. Meanwhile the expedition is being pressed forward by Lord Wolseley, and Lord Hartington has been careful to limit its object—if only verbal limitation were equivalent to limitation in fact. "You know," he said in Lancashire (October 4), "what is the object of that expedition, that it is not the reconquest of the Soudan or the restoration to the Egyptian Government of powers which it has not exercised with profit to the people; but that its object is simply and solely the relief, if necessary, and rescue of that gallant soldier, patriot, and philanthropist who undertook, without any promise of material support, a mission of mercy and deliverance to the people of that country." On the whole, the Soudanese, with their rude untutored wits, may see

singularly little difference for practical purposes between a philanthropist on a mission of mercy, and a misanthropist on a mission of vengeance.

The public is not yet authentically informed of the precise nature of the action that has been decided upon in respect of Bechuanaland. Some of the radical difficulties of the position have been set forth on another page by an extremely competent writer, who has been both a missionary and an official. Neither the factors nor the history of the problem are well understood in this country. The appeal is made to two very simple, and in themselves very honourable, sentiments in the English bosom, first, compassion for the natives, and second, resentment at the supposed insolence of the Boers. As Mr. Moffat reminds us, we showed no particular compassion for the natives when British troops put down Secocoeni and Cetywayo, who were keeping and would have kept the Boers in a sort of order, and he might have gone further back for illustrations of the same description of policy. We charge the Boers with oppression of the natives, but our tender mercies have cost the natives far more suffering and bloodshed than all the harshness of the Boers. The story of Langelibalele is not so old that we need have forgotten the lawless trial and the rigorous banishment of that unlucky man, and the loss of life inflicted on his tribe of Hlubi. We, again, may have forgotten the massacre on the Orange River in 1878; it was hateful, yet the malefactors were never punished. Of course all this is well enough known to the Dutchmen, and if the natives have forgotten our cruelty, the Boers are not blind to the hypocrisy of our recurrent pretensions of philanthropy. There is something else which the Boers do not forget. They both know and remember that, when we took the Diamond Fields from the Free State, the British Governor systematically placed arms in the hands of the sur-

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rounding tribes with a view to coercing the Boers. Some of the chiefs who are now the victims of Boer oppression were to have been the instruments of British supremacy. The Boers are not such innocents as to have been blind to all these doings. It is no wonder that they feel as little kindly to Mankoroane and Montsioa as the English settlers in Natal felt towards Cetywayo.

There is no unscrupulous act on the part of the Boers for which we have not ourselves provided them with precedents. They disregard first one Convention and then another. But did we not break the Treaty of Aliwal as soon as ever the diamonds were discovered? It is true, if we please, that there may have been a certain decent sort of defence in general expediency, but the Boers are equally persuaded that they too have an equally good defence of exactly the same kind.

It is well to bear all these things in mind during the present discussion, though recriminatory arguments will not carry us much further towards a solution. The important fact is that we have given the Cape Colony responsible government. If we go to war with the Boers of the Transvaal, there may be a general outbreak of their Dutch kinsfolk. If things should not come to this pass, we shall do well at any rate not to count on the aid of the colonial Government, simply because the Dutch are the majority in the constituencies. "One of two things," says a correspondent whose views do not seem easily capable of refutation; "if we persist by force in carrying out our own views on the Native problems, we must put down the Constitution of the Cape Colony, and establish a military Government. Or we must leave the Dutch majority to manage things their own way. We shall not obtain the object we aim at, and very soon—much sooner than any one here has a notion of—we shall be required to give up the country by the general voice of all parties there, Dutch, English, and native." Mr.

Moffat, who writes from an entirely different standpoint from that of our correspondent, yet entirely coincides with him both in his representation of the facts and in his practical conclusion.

Nobody denies that we can conquer the Dutch, if we choose to devote our energies to the work, and then, after breaking up the Constitution in Cape Colony, keep order by Zulu and Kafir regiments under British officers. We can, of course, govern there as—to use the favourite analogy of the hour—we govern India; the model that is held up by so many amateur statesmen for our imitation in Egypt and in Ireland. But is this really the system which a nation of free men at home wishes to adopt abroad? Is this to be the normal type of British rule? Or are we to leave to our colonists and colonial fellow-citizens in South Africa the same robust freedom in meeting their own difficulties and settling their own affairs that has been the secret of the vigorous success of the colonies under the Southern Cross, and of the separated British colonies that form the United States?

The telegraph has conveyed instructions to the Commodore on the Australian station to proceed to New Guinea and proclaim a British protectorate over the eastern portion of the South Coast of New Guinea, together with certain small adjacent islands. No Europeans are as yet to be allowed to settle on the new territory. It will be under the jurisdiction of the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific.

A year ago a correspondent from Sydney wrote to warn the British public not to suppose that Australia was in a blaze on the subject of annexation. "Annexationists," he said, "derive their chief support from London, where members of the Colonial Institute and London correspondents are doing their best to create a grievance by reiterated denunciations of the supineness of the English

Government. In time, no doubt, we may be roused to a sense of our ill-treatment; but at present the highly-coloured statements which appear to be so freely distributed in England rest upon a very slight foundation. A few meetings have been held in Victoria, at which the drum-Imperial has been loudly beaten; the *missionaries* have shown their usual zeal, and the *financiers* are looking out for new speculations: this is the extent of the present agitation. Unfortunately the advocates of annexation are a compact, well-organised body, with strong personal interests in the matter; while the opponents of the scheme are scattered, and are drawn from a class which cannot easily obtain a hearing in England." Nothing has happened since to show that the Forward party in Australia is stronger than the writer represents. In the same way, it is not long since a writer from Melbourne assured the English Press that the Federation movement was exciting less attention than the Australian Eleven. "So much for the great Federation question upon which so many newspaper articles have been expended in the mother country. Perhaps it is partly the effect of a fine climate that we are somewhat like the Athenians in the respect that we are ever inquiring after and taking a transitory interest in some 'new thing,' and soon forget, or seem to forget, all about it, at the races, the theatre, or in the cricket-field." Englishmen over the sea are in all this not by any means unlike their solid kinsmen here.

A prison massacre in the dominions of that savage brute, King Theebaw, has led to the revival of an old cry for the annexation of Upper Burmah. A great meeting of the European inhabitants of Rangoon urged upon the British Government the absolute necessity of immediate interference, and while free from any desire to dictate, "strongly recommended the annexation of Upper Burmah, or, failing this,

that it should be placed in the position of a protected State, with a prince other than the present ruler on the throne." It is well to remember that Lord Lytton himself when at Calcutta would have nothing to say to Burmah, though the same policy was strongly pressed in his reign, and he can hardly be suspected of backwardness in his notions of Imperial duty. The Indian public, however, which too commonly means the irresponsible commercial and planting public, are now reported to believe "that it is time to abandon the *laissez-faire* policy of the last five years." The "general interests of humanity" are, of course, trotted out, as well as "the growing power of France in the East." The new Viceroy is not very likely to yield to this cry for a revision of our relations with Mandalay.

The municipal elections in Belgium have ended in a triumphant victory for the Liberals. The reaction from the elections in June has been complete. In Brussels, where the defeat in June was so mischievous, the Liberals have won the Communal elections by a majority of nearly 4000 out of a total of 10,000 votes; in Antwerp, the majority was 1500; in Ghent there was not even a contest; and even in Flemish villages the declaration against the new School Law of M. Malou and his Clericals was decisive. The electoral qualification, we should notice, is much lower for a Communal than for a Parliamentary voter. The latter must pay direct taxes to the amount of thirty-three shillings, while for the former a payment of ten francs is sufficient. We are not aware what the explanation may be, but the result of the recent elections would seem, on the surface, to be a contradiction of the ordinary contention of some Belgian publicists that to lower the suffrage would be to strengthen the hands of the Clerical party.

In Germany by the time that these pages are in the hands of the public,

the elections for the Reichstag will be over. As the House is now composed, none of the groups of itself comes near to being a majority. The Conservatives, or Bismarckians of various shades, are the strongest of them, and they only number seventy-six out of a total of 397. The National Liberals who have followed Bennigsen, and have lent a hand to Prince Bismarck, are forty-five. The two groups combined, therefore, fall considerably short of being even one-third of the whole. The National Liberals, who broke away from Prince Bismarck and their own party, have now united with a section of the Progressists or Radicals, and come forward as German Liberals, with a programme too vague to be translated into any intelligible dialect of English politics. The Centre or Catholic party, with which the name of Windthorst is associated, still stand aloof from Conservatives and Liberals alike, and boast as our own Particularist and Catholic party expects to be able to do one of these days at Westminster, that they will hold the key of the political situation. Their price is that Prince Bismarck shall bring the Kulturkampf to a real and effective end by a full abolition of the politico-ecclesiastical laws, and shall recall and reinstate the Archbishop of Cologne.

The persistent struggle between the barbaric administration of Count Tolstoi and its enemies has again come to the surface. Mines are discovered in cellars under important streets, and revolutionists are hung in batches after secret investigations before military tribunals. Eight of them were executed in the citadel of St. Petersburg some day towards the middle of the current month. Two of them were women, and six were military or naval officers. Nobody knew when the trial took place, and all had been done in the strictest secrecy. It is not necessary to use any strong language about these execrable stupidities. Things as bad

were done in Ireland a century ago, and we have reaped the harvest in inveterate hatred towards our government. The British Government, at least, began in time to mend its ways. The worst of the present system in Russia is that there is not a ray of light visible in the shape of an attempt, however modest or tentative, to govern by any means but those of brutal repression. The riots at the jubilee celebration of the University of Kiev seem to show that the educated youth of the coming generation are true to the new tradition of Russian students, and are not likely to refrain from "spreading the light" and carrying on the war.

The Correspondent of the *Times* who accompanied the Czar during his recent visit to Warsaw does not report very favourably on the assimilation of Poland by Russia. The official language is Russian, and not only is Russian the language of the schools, but it is enjoined upon the children to talk in Russian with their parents at home. Nevertheless, our informant finds many indications that most of the Poles, in Warsaw at any rate, rather than speak Russian, prefer either French or German, which the majority speak fluently. The antagonism between masters and the subject race is so observable that one might suppose Mouravieff to have lived only yesterday. There are some Poles in the service of the Government, but when there is a chance they quarrel with the Russian soldiery, and the two get on as ill together as did Russians and Roumanians in the campaign of 1877. In the spring of last year the Czar made what some of his advisers have persistently regarded as a fatal concession to Polish nationality, by giving to the Pope the right of appointing twelve Catholic bishops in Poland, and redressing other grievances. It was alleged at that time, for instance, that in one Siberian village alone—the *Times* Correspondent is not responsible for this statement—there were no fewer than two hundred

exiled priests. Through the Convention of 1883 many members of the Polish Catholic clergy have been and are still being released from exile in Siberia. This rehabilitation of the National Church is dreaded by the party of thick-and-thin absolutism in Russia as a certain source of agitation and intrigue. The part that has for centuries been played by Eastern Churches and sects in keeping alive national sentiment is well known, and the influence of the Russian Church in Catholic Poland must tend in the same direction. We can hardly wonder that the Catholics should see a supernatural finger in the triumph that seems invariably to wait upon the inimitable patience of their Church. It was only the other day, immediately before the death of Pius IX., and the accession of his Opportunist successor, that the late Czar told the Pope that, "if the Holy See would like war, it should have war." Yet the Pope won. So the Russian Government may observe for their comfort how the Catholic clergy in Ireland have, after more than a century and a half of contumely and oppression, proved too many for the Protestant and anti-national garrison.

"The Poles," says the Correspondent, "are perfectly conscious that under Russia the strength of the Government must always render their national aspirations abortive, however superior their intelligence may perhaps be among the Russian people; and they are equally aware that under Germany the force of German culture and intelligence would as inevitably neutralise or absorb their national characteristics. As it is, the influence of German life and literature is already much greater here than those of Russia. The whole leaning of the Poles of late, beginning as far back as the Krashefsky jubilee at Cracow, in 1879, has been towards Austria, where their fellow Poles are enjoying somewhat of Constitutional freedom. Their ideal of the future and the theme of to-day's Polish Press in Austria is the

policy of the Jagellons, or union with the Magyars of Hungary.

Oddly enough, at the same moment, the newspapers have given us a glimpse of another process of the same sort, though on a much more minute scale. Twenty years ago Prussia became the master of Schleswig, including the few square miles to the north that are inhabited by a population of a couple of hundred thousand souls, who are not German, but intensely Danish in race, language, tradition, and predilection. The Prussians exhibit what is politely called a truly German thoroughness in turning these sturdy Danes into Germans. "The names of towns and villages have been Germanised; railway guards are not permitted to speak Danish; in the public schools primers and songs and plays are to be in German, and the children are punished if they speak among themselves their maternal language; history is arranged so as to glorify Germany and disparage Denmark; the Danish colours of red and white are absolutely prohibited." Of petty persecution we might have been sure that there would be plenty, with a German official on one side and a disaffected population on the other, and plenty there seems actually to be. "One single instance will suffice. In — a young girl had on her birthday invited some of her lady friends, and they amused themselves by singing, in the private parlour, some Danish songs—not aggressive chants against Germany, but old songs written perhaps fifty years ago. Unhappily, a window was left open to the street; a German pedlar passing underneath took umbrage at the Danish sounds, and he got a gendarme to enter the house and make the singing cease; the girls obeyed at once, but still they were cited before the court, and had to pay each an amend of a crown." So far is this from being the best of possible worlds, where the sentiment of nationality is left out of the account.

October 23.